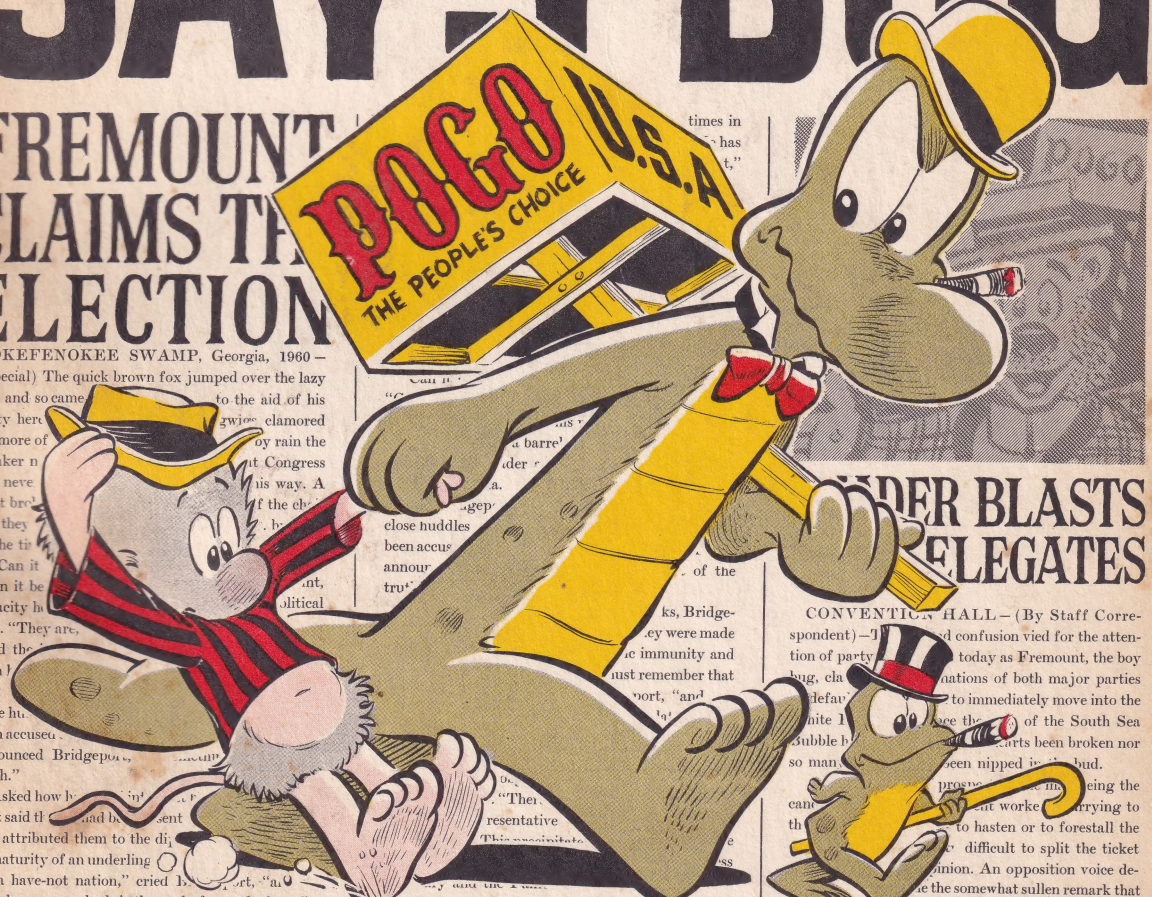
WEATHER
EARLY HUNKY DORIES WITH SOME STATUS QUO; PROBABLE LATE NUMBS

POGO EXTRA

ELECTION SPECIAL

VOL. XVIII... No. 1 ©1960 WALT KELLY PRICE $1.25

"JES' FINE" SAYS BUG



FREMOUNT CLAIMS TH ELECTION

OKEFENOKEE SWAMP, Georgia, 1960 — (Special) The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog and so came to the aid of his party here gwine clamored for more of oy rain the speaker n it Congress will neve his way. A fight bre f the ch but they of the ti

"Can it be "Can it nt, sagacity h olitical cuff. "They are, cried the with

P close hu been accused announced Bridgepo truth."

Asked how h port said th had be sent and attributed them to the di immaturity of an underling we a have-not nation," cried B ort, "a take-home pay plank is the soul of our platform."

It was at this moment that a reporter for the Fort Mudge Moan came forward and asked the political boss if he had any objections to the other planks in the

times in has t."

a barrel der a. gep close huddles been accus annour truf of the

ks, Bridge- ey were made ic immunity and ust remember that port, "and

"Ther resentative

ge L. Auxiliary won 45 vs. 7.

This was a bitter defeat for the well organized voters many of them veterans of the Crimean campaign. "When we elected Harry Crimean we put on

DER BLASTS ELEGATES

CONVENTION HALL — (By Staff Correspondent) — d confusion vied for the attention of party today as Fremont, the boy bug, cla nations of both major parties defea to immediately move into the hite H ace the of the South Sea Bubble h arts been broken nor so man een nipped in the bud.

prosp eing the can ut worke rrying to th to hasten or to forestall the difficult to split the ticket inion. An opposition voice de- e the somewhat sullen remark that "Old Merl" uld be glad to split his ticket and split the candidate to boot."

Asked for an educated guess on how it would all turn out, Pogo said he didn't know. This was about as

OTHER BOOKS BY WALT KELLY

TEN EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED YEARS WITH POGO

*

BEAU POGO

THE POGO SUNDAY BRUNCH

G. O. FIZZICKLE POGO

THE POGO SUNDAY PARADE

POSITIVELY POGO

POGO'S SUNDAY PUNCH

THE POGO PARTY

THE POGO SUNDAY BOOK

POTLUCK POGO

POGO PEEK-A-BOOK

THE INCOMPLEAT POGO

THE POGO STEPMOTHER GOOSE

THE POGO PAPERS

UNCLE POGO SO-SO STORIES

I GO POGO

POGO

*

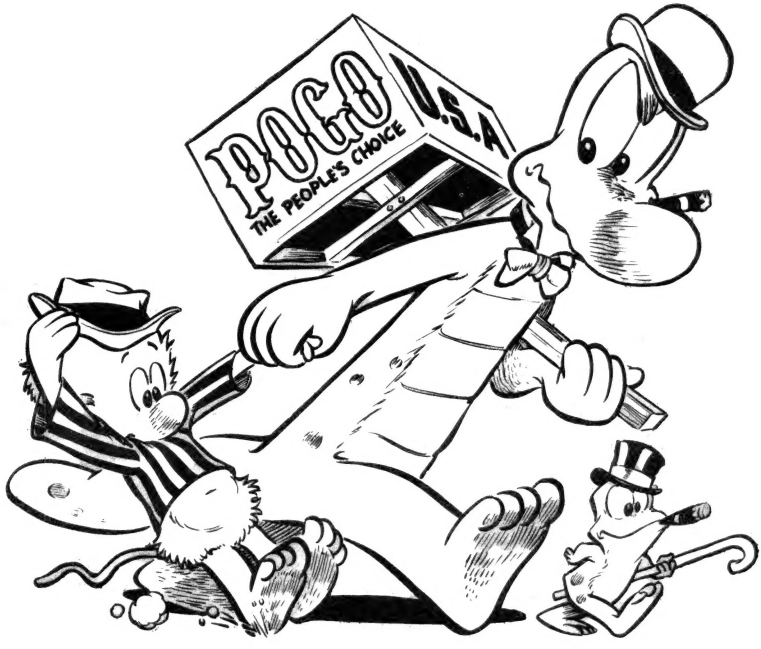
SONGS OF THE POGO

*

POGOMOBILE

POGO EXTRA

(ELECTION SPECIAL)



BY WALT KELLY

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1960

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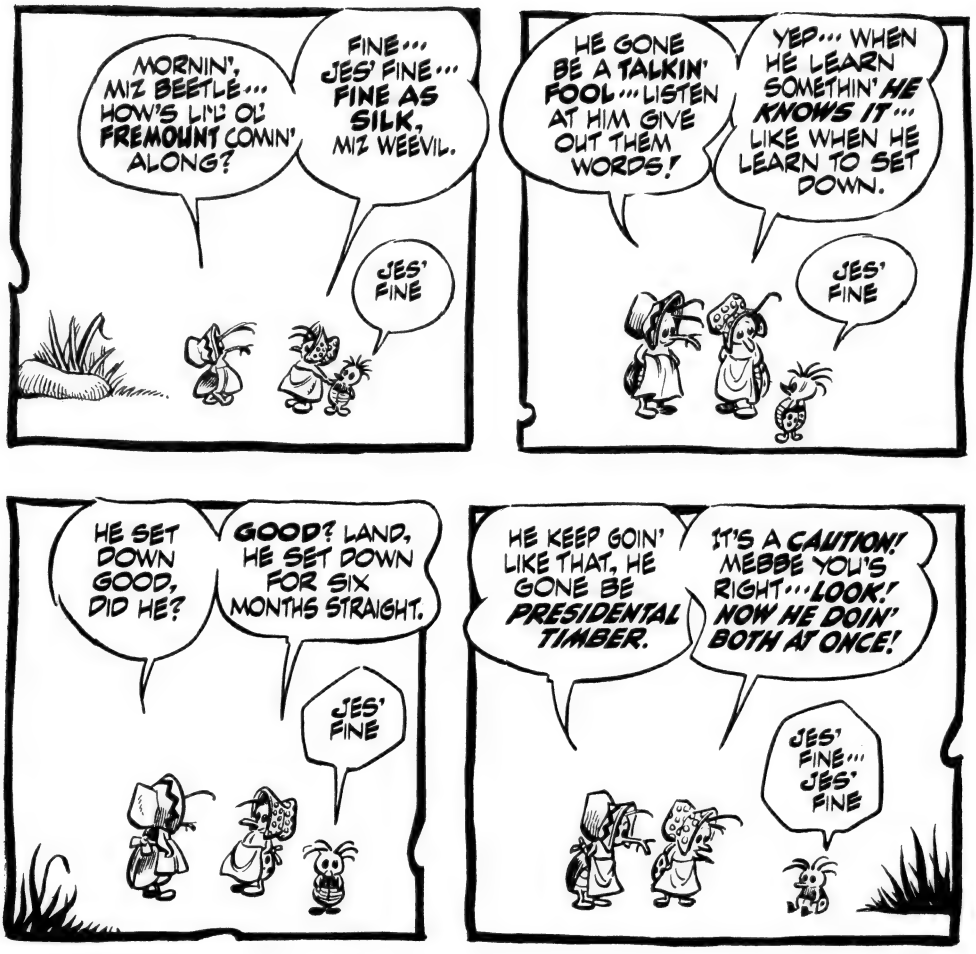
A Short One For Lardner

JOHN LARDNER was a gifted matchmaker, wedding the thought and the word so well that the listener nodded dumbly, believing the idea expressed had always been around for the taking. So it is with all natural wonders; their beauty belongs to every man, but someone discovers them first. Without Lardner around as a guide through this swampy wonderland some of the rest of us will slop along as best we can, shouting encouragement and cussing when it gets too deep.

A SHOO IN TIME IS JES' FINE


MORNIN', MIZ BEETLE... HOW'S LI'L OL' FREMOUNT COMIN' ALONG?
FINE... JES' FINE... FINE AS SILK, MIZ WEEVIL.
JES' FINE
HE GONE BE A TALKIN' FOOL... LISTEN AT HIM GIVE OUT THEM WORDS!
YEP... WHEN HE LEARN SOMETHIN' HE KNOWS IT... LIKE WHEN HE LEARN TO SET DOWN.
JES' FINE
HE SET DOWN GOOD, DID HE?
GOOD? LAND, HE SET DOWN FOR SIX MONTHS STRAIGHT.
JES' FINE
HE KEEP GOIN' LIKE THAT, HE GONE BE PRESIDENTAL TIMBER.
IT'S A CAUTION! MEBBE YOU'S RIGHT... LOOK! NOW HE DOIN' BOTH AT ONCE!
JES' FINE... JES' FINE

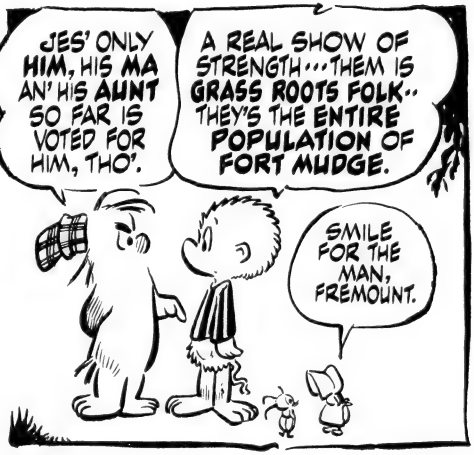
MORE I THINK OF IT, THE BETTER I LIKES THE IDEA OF LI'L' OL' FREMOUNT RUNNIN' FOR PRESIDENT.
IT'S A BIG JOB.
JES' FINE
WELL, IT'S A BIG COUNTRY... FREMOUNT WOULD HAFTA LEARN FAST.
HE LEARNT TO SET DOWN REAL FAST AN' HE LEARNT HOW TO SAY, "JES' FINE" IN HAR'LY NO TIME... LOOKIT HIM GO!
JES' FINE JES' FINE JES FINE
I B'LEEVES HE COULD BE A REAL GOOD PRESIDENT... HOW 'BOUT YOU?
I B'LEEVES! AN' HOW 'BOUT YOU, FREMOUNT? WHAT KINDA PRESIDENT WOULD YOU BE?
JES' FINE JES' FINE JES' FINE...
LAND! LAND! WHAT MORE YOU WANTS? HE GETS A HUNDERD POOR CENT IN THE POLL.
NOT EVEN THEM OTHERS, ROCKERFELLA AN' ALL, GOT THAT KINDA SUPPORT.
JES' FINE
AFTER TAKIN' A POLL OF US THREE IT CERT'LY IS SIGNIFICANT THAT LI'L' FREMOUNT IS THE ALL-OUT CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT.
NONE OF US AIN'T EVEN UNDECIDED.
JES' FINE
TRUE! WE AIN'T GOT NOBODY WHAT "DON'T KNOW" OR "CAN'T TELL" OR "FEEL IT'S TOO EARLY" OR "DON'T GIVE A GOOD..."
GLORY, YES! AN' NO OTHER CANDIDATE EVEN GOT A MENTION.

YOU THINK HE'S A SHOO-IN?
YEP... EVEN LI'L OL' FREMOUNT IS IN FAVOR OF FREMOUNT.
JES' FINE
MY LAND! THAT DOES IT THEN... HE'S THE FIRST CANDIDATE TO COME OUT FLAT-FOOTED FOR HIS OWN SELF!
JES'
FINE!
WELL! MIZ WEEVIL AN' MIZ BEETLE WITH LI'L FREMOUNT, THE BOY BUG.
PERTY SOON IT'LL BE HIS EXCELLENCY, PRESIDENT FREMOUNT.
JES' FINE
JES' FINE! I MEAN, PUT IT THERE...! YOU GONNA BE PRESIDENT OF YOUR CHEERFUL CHARLIE GROUP, SON?
NOPE, HE'S GONNA BE PRES. OF THE U.S. AND A.
JES' FINE
PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. AND A? AIN'T HE KINDA SMALL FER THAT?
OH.. SIZE DON'T COUNT.
GLORY, NO! IT'S WHAT YOU GOT UP HERE.
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN... DON'T YOU THINK HE OUGHTA BREAK IN ON A SMALLER JOB? WHY DON'T HE RUN FOR PRESIDENT OF RHODE ISLAND?
AND LEAVE THE OTHER 49 STATES IN THE LURCH?!
THAT'D BE TEMPTING PROVIDENCE.

NO TEETH, ALL JAW

HOW COME FREMOUNT, THE BOY BUG, GOT THE IDEA HE COULD BE E-LECTED PRESIDENT?
HE DIN'T.
HIS MA AN' HIS AUNTIE GOT THE IDEA... THEY'S THE ONLY RESIDENTS OF FORT MUDGE NOW AN' A SAMPLE POLL OF THE PLACE GIVE HIM THREE VOTES AN' NOTHIN' FOR NOBODY ELSE.
A SURE SIGN... 100% OF THE STRAW VOTE IS PERTY SHEER STUFF.
S'POSE THEY WAS TO SAMPLE A LI'L' MORE?
WHAT A WASTE THAT WOULD BE... THE POINT TO STOP A POLL IS WHEN ITS RESULT MATCHES YOUR PRECONCEIVED CONCLUSION.
Y'MEAN HE'S IN?

SO THAT'S OL' FREMOUNT? HE'S GONNA RUN FOR THE PRESIDENTISTRY?
YEP... HE'S 'WAY AHEAD IN THE OPINION POLLS.
JES' FINE


JES' ONLY HIM, HIS MA AN' HIS AUNT SO FAR IS VOTED FOR HIM, THO'.
A REAL SHOW OF STRENGTH... THEM IS GRASS ROOTS FOLK.. THEY'S THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF FORT MUDGE.
SMILE FOR THE MAN, FREMOUNT.

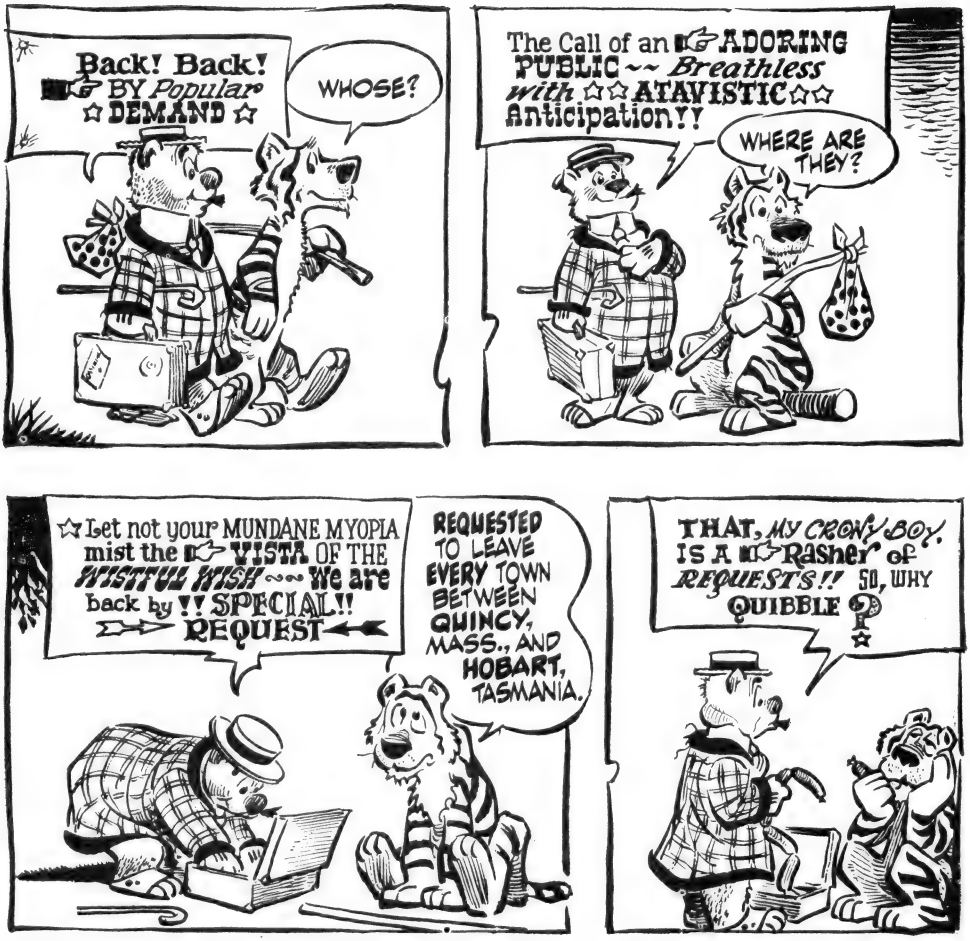
THAT'S A CLEAR-CUT TREND...
HE GOT CHARM, OL' FREMOUNT DO...
IS HE SMILIN'?

MEBBE HE GOT CHARM, BUT HE AIN'T GOT HAR'LY ANY TEETH... HOW CAN YOU RUN FOR OFFICE WITHOUT A FULL HEAD OF TEETH?
JES' FINE

HOW CAN A BUG RUN FOR THE PRESIDENTISTRY? THIS ONE AIN'T EVEN GOT TEETH.
BUT THE OPINION POLLS PICK HIM.
WHAT'S HE NEED TEETH FOR?
JES' FINE

WITHOUT TEETH NOBODY CAN EVEN GET ELECTED DOGCATCHER.
YOU IS JUS' DISCRIMINATIN'.
HE GOT CHARM, AIN'T HE?
JES' FINE

THE RETURN OF THE BIG BAMBOOZLUM



Chateau de la Pompe, '59, A MOST ADMIRABLE YEAR, mon vieux-- IT WILL go Excellently with The FILLET
WITH WHAT?
With the FILLET!! A MOUTH-watering CONCOCTION of purest JOY Serene
THAT LOOKED LIKE A HOT DOG 'TIL YOU SPOKE.. AND THE BOTTLE GOT NOTHIN' BUT WATER IN IT.
ONE must use the IMAGINATION OR ONE WILL STARVE, M'Boy!
WELL, ONE COULD START DREAMIN' UP A CLEAR HAVANA RIGHT NOW, THEN... 'CAUSE I'M SMOKIN' THE LAST BUTT.
LAND, FREMOUNT! WHY'S PORKY CLAIM YOU GOTTA HAVE TEETH JES' TO BE PRESIDENT?
JES' FINE
HOWDY, GENTLEMEN, YOU IS LOOKIN' AT THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. AND A.
Zounds! A female CHIEF EXEC!!

OH, HE AIN'T NO GIRL ... HE'S A BOY.. DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE HIM? IT'S OL' FREMOUNT.
Recognize him?? I can hardly ☆SEE HIM

GADZOOKS! The FIRST Insect to run for ☆ Office! A NATURAL WONDER!
I KNOW... IT SORT OF SETS YOUR HAIR ON EDGE.. DON'T IT?

IMAGINE!! The First BUG to run for the Presidensity A NATURAL PHEE-NOME-MEE-NIA ☆☆!
PHEE-NOME-MEENIA?
WHAT'S THAT?
JES' FINE

Meaning: Phenomena! In terms of The ROAD: We are with ☆ IT!

WITH WHAT? MAYBE I'M OLD IN THE HEAD-BONE BUT HOW CAN YOU GO FOR A PRESIDENT AS SMALL AS HIM?

AS SMALL as HIM? ☆☆☆
Why, my dear sir, My Dear Friend!
Tremore, the boy Insect, WILL BE THE BIGGEST thing to ever hit the White House
WHAT THEY BEEN THROWIN' UP TO NOW, THEN?
Y'MEAN FREMOUNT, THE BOY INSECK.
JES' FINE

What a *Sterling* OPPORTUNITY for YOU, *My Dear Lady!*
YEP, YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. BRIDGEPORT... HAVIN' A CHILE OF YOURS BE PRESIDENT AIN'T TO BE SNEERED ABOUT.
JES' FINE

LOVELY, *Naturally*, but it happens that I, myself, *And* MY COLLEAGUE ARE AT LIBERTY!!
YOU MEAN YOU TWO *ESCAPED* FROM SOME PLACE?

NO, HE MEANS WE'RE OUT OF WORK AND COULD USE A SQUARE MEAL TO MATCH OUR HEADS.
TAMMANNANY!
UM?

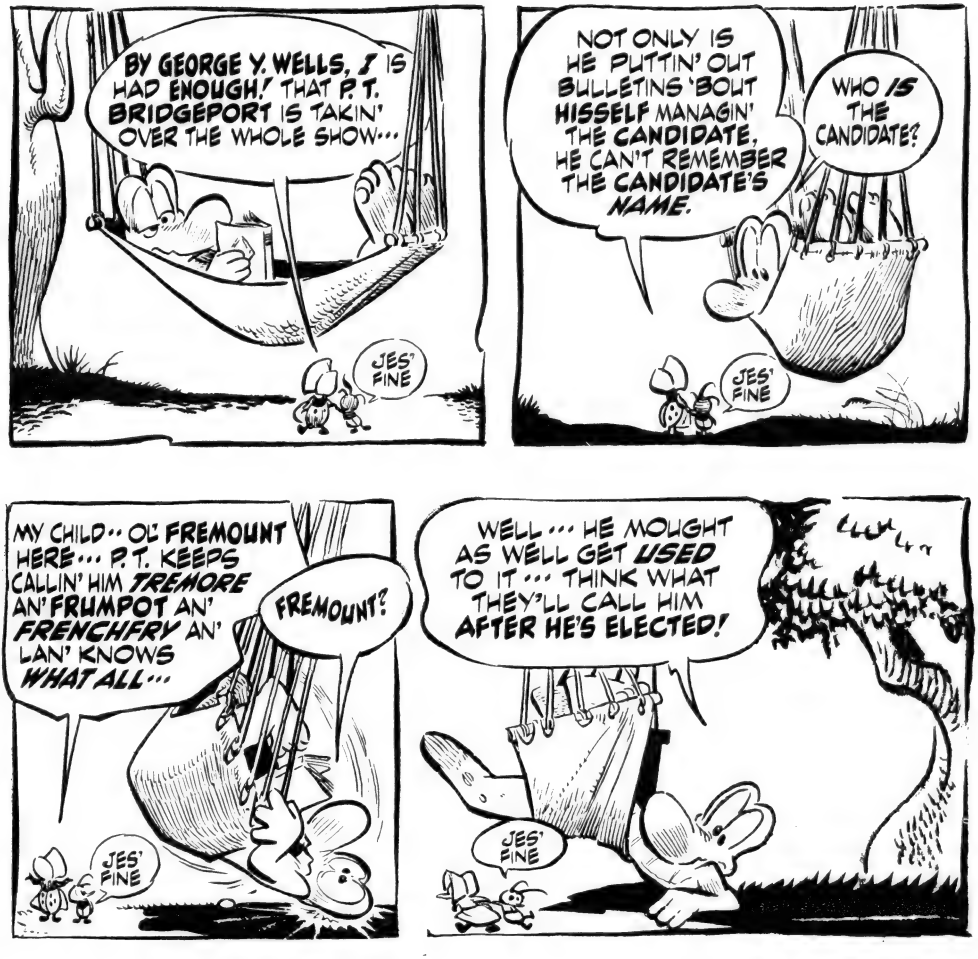
It is My PROPOSAL, DEAR *Lady* that WE be engaged to BALLYHOO *young TRIPOD* INTO OFFICE.
FREMOUNT, Y'MEAN? WHY NOT DEPEND ON PLAIN *VOTES?*
ONLY AS A LAST RESORT, M'A'M.

Take a few *Notes*: To ALL Papers, PERIODICALS *AND* FAMILY *JOURNALS* ★★★ STOP PRESS!
HOW ABOUT THE A.P.?

MAKE OVER PAGE ONE ☆☆ NEW LEAD STORY:
EXTRA
CONGRESS HASTILY ADJOURNS
WASHINGTON
P.T. BRIDGEPORT, BELOVED LEADER, STUNS NATION!
NOW, PHOTO *of P.T.*~~mm WHAT DO WE HAVE?

There, that SHOULD DO IT I've gained a few pounds but, HO-HO...
HO HO, YOURSELF. THAT'S MARY BALL'S SON, G. WASHINGTON.. AN' ON A SINGLE... WHERE'D YOU GET ONE?
WASHINGTON? I'VE SAVED THIS THINKING IT WAS ME ← WHAT do I look like, then?
A CHUMP... SHALL I MAKE OVER PAGE ONE AGAIN OR SHALL WE RUN A SNOW PICTURE?
¿ HOW CAN WE ISSUE a → PRESS ← !!! RELEASE !!! WITHOUT A Picture of ME?
HOW ABOUT A SHOT OF THE LITTLE CANDIDATE THERE?
NO, no.. it's a little early for that... → HERE is A Photo of me as a Youth!! It will appeal to the Younger Voter.
Striking, eh what?
HOW YOUNG DOES THAT VOTER HAVE TO BE? THIS IS A BABY PICTURE... A BALD BEAR! BALD ALL OVER!
My Dear Mother thought it had Charm!
I DUNNO... IT'S LIKELY TO BRING UP THE WHOLE SUBJECT OF BIRTH CONTROL AGAIN...

SO LI'L QUEE
OR NOT TO BE


BY GEORGE Y. WELLS, I IS HAD ENOUGH!' THAT P.T. BRIDGEPORT IS TAKIN' OVER THE WHOLE SHOW...
JES' FINE
NOT ONLY IS HE PUTTIN' OUT BULLETINS 'BOUT HISSELF MANAGIN' THE CANDIDATE, HE CAN'T REMEMBER THE CANDIDATE'S NAME.
WHO IS THE CANDIDATE?
JES' FINE
MY CHILD.. OL' FREMOUNT HERE... P.T. KEEPS CALLIN' HIM TREMORE AN' FRUMPOT AN' FRENCHFRY AN' LAN' KNOWS WHAT ALL...
FREMOUNT?
JES' FINE
WELL... HE MOUGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT... THINK WHAT THEY'LL CALL HIM AFTER HE'S ELECTED!
JES' FINE

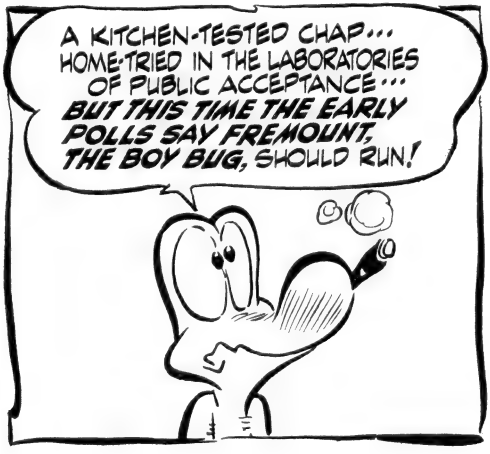
WHAT ASTONISHIN' EVER-LOVIN', BLUE-EYED NEWS!
A INSECT, FREMOUNT, THE BOY BUG, IS GONNA RUN FOR THE PRESIDENTISTRY.
IT'LL TAKE THE MOXIE OUT OF POLITICS... WHEN THE OPPOSITION CALLS OUR MAN A BEETLE BRAIN IT'LL BE A COMPLIMENT!
THE AIR FORCE WILL BE NOTHIN' BUT BUTTERFLIES, A SQUADRON OF AMOEBAE OUR NAVY, THE ARMY WILL BE ANTS AND THE PENTAGON FULL OF BUNGLE BEES.
IT GIVES ONE A CASE OF THE D.D.T.'S.
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT A INSECT IN THE WHITE HOUSE?
I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT AT ALL! I'D CALL THE MILITIA!
I'D ROLL THE CANNON UP TO THE DOOR... BLAM! I'D LET HIM HAVE IT... THEN, IN WE'D GO! BAYONETS AT THE READY!

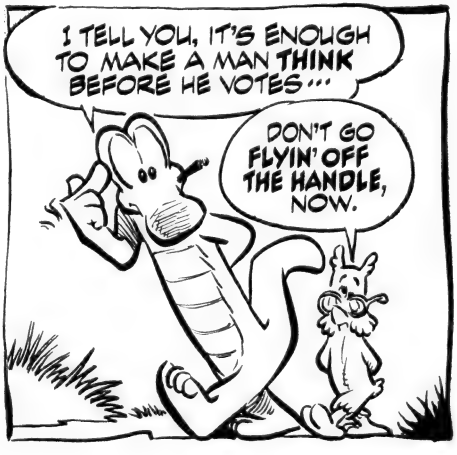
WAIT! WAIT! IS THAT ANY WAY TO TREAT THE PRESIDENT?
THEN I'D GROSP HIM... AN' I'D BANG HIM.. THEN.. HUH, WHAT? THIS INSECT IS THE PRESIDENT?

SURE..A DULY ELECTED CHIEF.. AN' YOU CARRIES ON LIKE THAT!
WHICH PARTY? AFORE I LETS GO THE RASCAL?

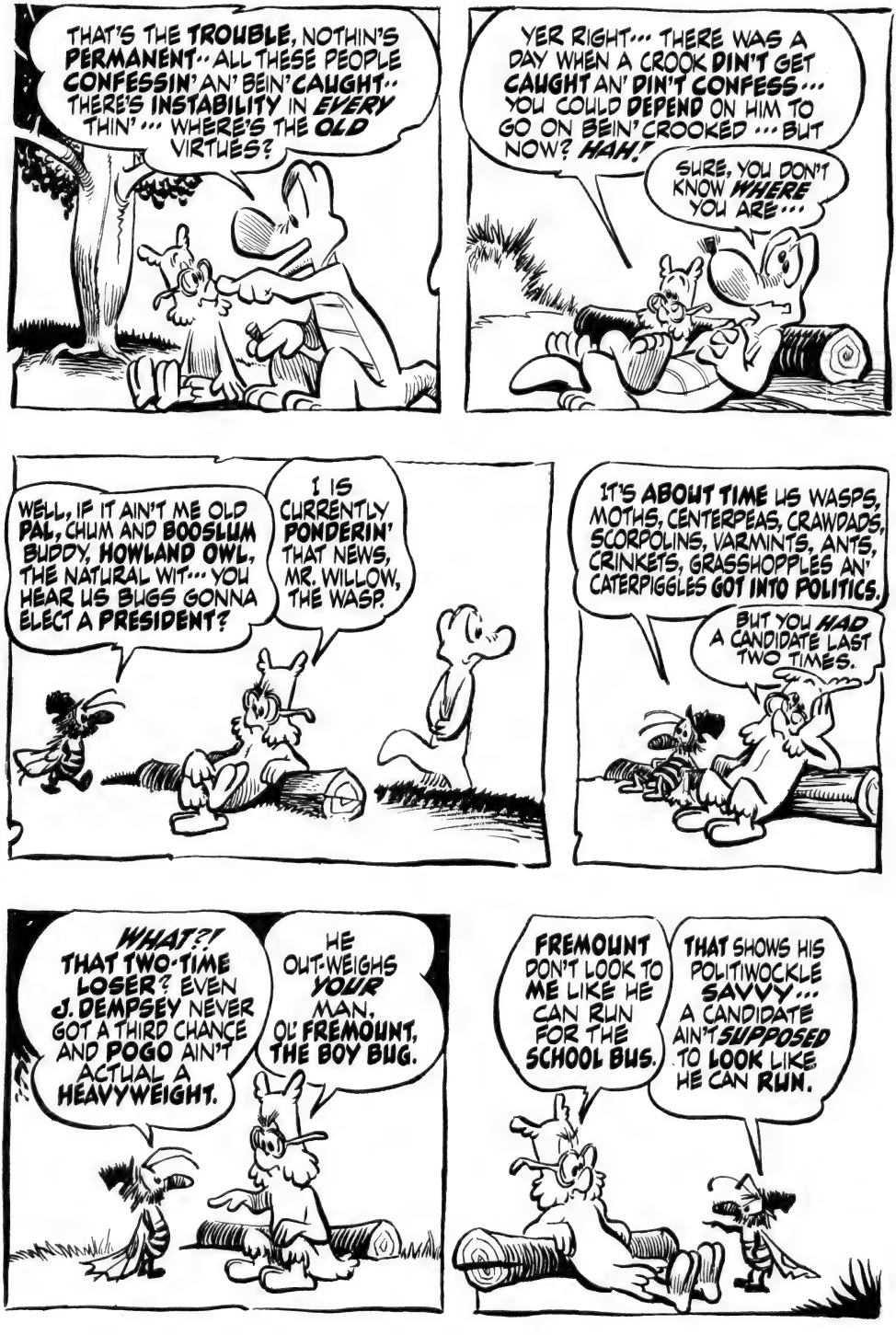
USUALLY, IN A PRESIDENTAL YEAR, YOU CAN VOTE WITH CONFIDENCE.

ONE OR ANOTHER OF THE OLD RELIABLE PARTIES BRINGS UP A NAME BRAND CANDIDATE... WHOLESOME, DEPENDABLE... A HOUSEHOLD WORD TYPE OF FELLOW...

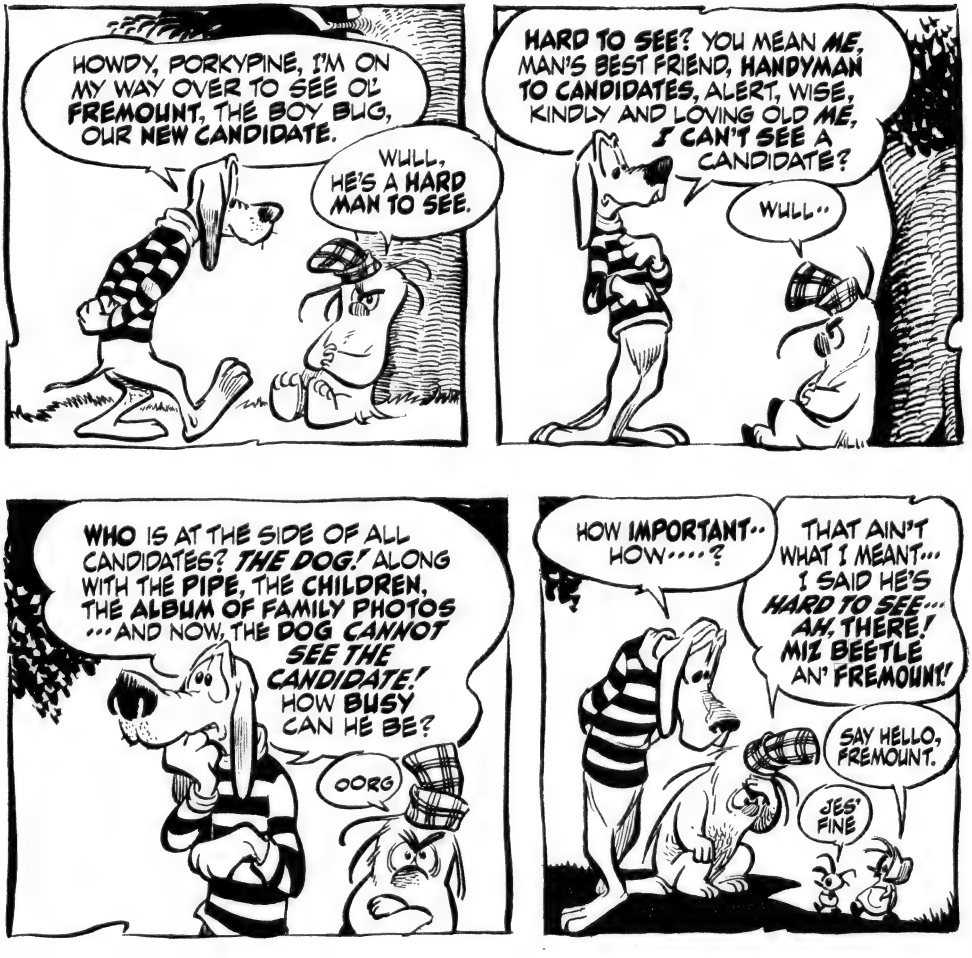

A KITCHEN-TESTED CHAP... HOME-TRIED IN THE LABORATORIES OF PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE... BUT THIS TIME THE EARLY POLLS SAY FREMOUNT, THE BOY BUG, SHOULD RUN!


I TELL YOU, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN THINK BEFORE HE VOTES...
DON'T GO FLYIN' OFF THE HANDLE, NOW.

I DON'T MEAN TO CARP... NOT PERSON'LY, BUT WHY RUN A BUG FOR PRESIDENT?
THE POLL SAID HE WAS MOST POPULAR.
NOT WITH ME! NOBODY NEVER ASKED ME... 'F ANYBODY DID I'D OF SAID SOMETHIN' SHORT AN' SHARP.. I'D OF GIVE 'EM SHORT SHRIFT... I'D OF SAID, LEMME THINK IT OVER.
BUT...
THE SAMPLE POLL SHOWED 100% OF THE RESIDENTS OF FORT MUDGE WAS FOR FREMOUNT... THEY ASKED HIS AUNTIE... THEY ASKED HIS MA AND THEY ASKED HIM.
WHAT ABOUT EVERY-BODY ELSE?
THERE WASN'T NO EVERYBODY ELSE... 'CEPT THEM WHAT WAS IN JAIL AND/OR DEAD.
SINCE WHEN IS IT A CRIME TO BE DEAD?
IT'S NO CRIME TO BE DEAD BUT YOU GOT TO LOOK AT LEAST A LI'L' ALIVE IN CASE THERE'S A BUZZARD IN THE FAMILY.
IN MY TIME A WHOLE CEMETERYFUL OF CONSTITUENTS COULD SWEEP YOU INTO OFFICE.
THE TOMBSTONE VOTE IS DEAD... MORALITY ALTERS.. VALUES CHANGE... YESTERDAY'S GARBAGE IS TODAY'S BOUQUET.
OOG


THAT'S THE TROUBLE, NOTHIN'S PERMANENT.. ALL THESE PEOPLE CONFESSIN' AN' BEIN' CAUGHT.. THERE'S INSTABILITY IN EVERY THIN'... WHERE'S THE OLD VIRTUES?
YER RIGHT... THERE WAS A DAY WHEN A CROOK DIN'T GET CAUGHT AN' DIN'T CONFESS... YOU COULD DEPEND ON HIM TO GO ON BEIN' CROOKED... BUT NOW? HAH!
SURE, YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE...
WELL, IF IT AIN'T ME OLD PAL, CHUM AND BOOSLUM BUDDY, HOWLAND OWL, THE NATURAL WIT... YOU HEAR US BUGS GONNA ELECT A PRESIDENT?
I IS CURRENTLY PONDERIN' THAT NEWS, MR. WILLOW, THE WASP.
IT'S ABOUT TIME US WASPS, MOTHS, CENTERPEAS, CRAWDADS, SCORPOLINS, VARMINTS, ANTS, CRINKETS, GRASSHOPPLES AN' CATERPIGGLES GOT INTO POLITICS.
BUT YOU HAD A CANDIDATE LAST TWO TIMES.
WHAT?! THAT TWO-TIME LOSER? EVEN J. DEMPSEY NEVER GOT A THIRD CHANCE AND POGO AIN'T ACTUAL A HEAVYWEIGHT.
HE OUT-WEIGHS YOUR MAN, OL' FREMOUNT, THE BOY BUG.
FREMOUNT DON'T LOOK TO ME LIKE HE CAN RUN FOR THE SCHOOL BUS.
THAT SHOWS HIS POLITIWOCKLE SAVVY... A CANDIDATE AIN'T SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE HE CAN RUN.

AWASH WITH LOVE


HOWDY, PORKYPINE, I'M ON MY WAY OVER TO SEE OL' FREMOUNT, THE BOY BUG, OUR NEW CANDIDATE.
WULL, HE'S A HARD MAN TO SEE.
HARD TO SEE? YOU MEAN ME, MAN'S BEST FRIEND, HANDYMAN TO CANDIDATES, ALERT, WISE, KINDLY AND LOVING OLD ME, I CAN'T SEE A CANDIDATE?
WULL..
WHO IS AT THE SIDE OF ALL CANDIDATES? THE DOG! ALONG WITH THE PIPE, THE CHILDREN, THE ALBUM OF FAMILY PHOTOS ...AND NOW, THE DOG CANNOT SEE THE CANDIDATE! HOW BUSY CAN HE BE?
OORG
HOW IMPORTANT.. HOW....?
THAT AIN'T WHAT I MEANT... I SAID HE'S HARD TO SEE... AH, THERE! MIZ BEETLE AN' FREMOUNT!
SAY HELLO, FREMOUNT.
JES' FINE

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THAT MAN'S BEST FRIEND, THE EVER TRUE DOG, IS A GREAT ONE TO GO WITH CANDIDATES?
WELL, FREMOUNT AIN'T NEVER HAD NO DOG.
JES' FINE
MOST DOGS WE'S HEARD OF IS ALWAYS BEEN OLDER'N HIM AN' A LI'L' BIGGER.
AGE IS WISDOM.. LOOK! GET THE PICTURE.
JES' FINE
THE ...SLURP... T.V. AUDIENCE ...SLURP... NEWS READERS...SLURP...ARE REASSURED WHEN THEY SEE A CANDIDATE WITH A ...SLURP...AFFECTIONATE DOG.
STOP LICKIN' HIM! HE'S GONE!
ACK! KAFF! A MIS...KOFF...STAKE!
FREMOUNT! SPEAK TO ME!
JES' FINE
YOU MIGHT HAVE DROWNT HIM.
HE'D OF HAD TO GO DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME ... AN' FOR ME, ONCE WAS ENOUGH.

TWO FOR THE SEE-GAR

WHAT'S ALL THIS TA-RA-RAH ABOUT A NEW CANDIDATE IN MY CONSTITUENCY?
IT'S A BOY BUG, MR. CONGERSMAN ... A INSECT NAME OF FREMOUNT.
AFTER MY JOB, HEY?
UH... NOT EXACTLY.
HMMPH.. WHAT'S HE WANT?
HE'S GOIN' TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT.
OH ... THAT'S ALL, HUH? GIMME A LIGHT, LIKE A SPORT, WILL YOU?

LOOK UNDER "L" IN THE FILE THERE... SEE IF YOU GOT A LIGHT FOR ME.
NOPE, MR. CONGERSMAN, ALL I GOT IS "LUNCH," "LIVERWURST" AND "LICORICE."

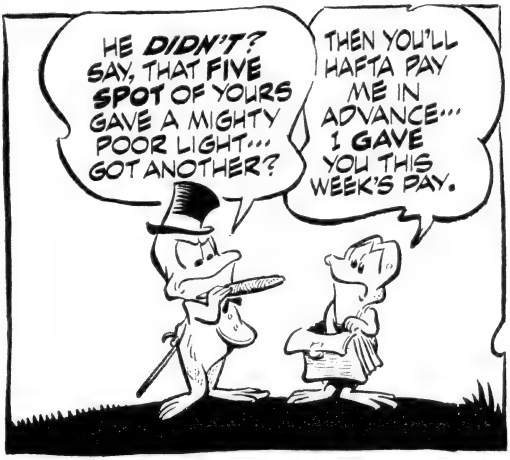
LOOK UNDER "M" THEN, FOR MATCH.
NOPE... NOTHIN' THERE BUT "MONEY"... A FIVE SPOT.. MY PAY.

THIS IS MIGHTY SLOPPY FEDERAL FILING, SECRETARY... LET'S HAVE THE FIVE.
MY PAY?

OH, THAT'S OKAY... IT'LL DO... WHAT'S THIS FREMOUNT, THE CANDIDATE, LOOK LIKE?
WELL, HE'S HARD TO SEE... GOSH, WISH I COULD AFFORD FIVE-DOLLAR BILLS TO LIGHT MY SEEGAR.

WELL, SECRETARY, IT MIGHT DO SOME GOOD TO WALK OVER AND VIEW THE CANDIDATE.
LIKE I SAY, HE'S HARD TO SEE, MISTER CONGERSMAN.

SIZE HAS GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT... LOOK AT STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.
YEH, BUT HE NEVER GOT ELECTED PRESIDENT.


HE DIDN'T? SAY, THAT FIVE SPOT OF YOURS GAVE A MIGHTY POOR LIGHT... GOT ANOTHER?
THEN YOU'LL HAFTA PAY ME IN ADVANCE... I GAVE YOU THIS WEEK'S PAY.

OF COURSE, IT'LL HAVE TO BE AN ADVANCE... YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO PAY YOU TWICE A DAY?
DO I MAKE OUT A I.O.U. FROM ME TO YOU OR FROM YOU TO ME?

I DON'T BELIEVE WE EVER HAD A PRESIDENT FROM THIS DISTRICT, EH, SECRETARY?
NOPE.. AN' IT'LL MAKE YOU TOP FROG IN A BIG PUDDLE MR. CONGERSMAN.
JES' FINE

WHERE'S THIS FREMOUNT LIVE...? (GO 'WAY, BOY; STOP YOUR STARIN'.)
MM... LESSEE..
JES' FINE

VAMOOSE! SCAT! BEGONE!
HEY! THAT'S THE CANDIDATE! FREMOUNT HISSELF!
JES' FINE

WELL! WELL! WELL! HELLO, THERE! HOW DO YOU DO, SIR.... IT CERTAINLY IS A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO FIT... YES, INDEED!

SECOND, THIRD AND FORTH-RIGHT

YESSIR, MR. CONGERSMAN, FREMOUNT IS BEEN NAMED BY A WHOPPIN' POLL ... HE'S THE PEOPLE'S NUMBER ONE CHOICE.
PUT IT THERE, SIR.
ANYBODY THAT GETS THE MAJORITY SHARE OF THE VOTE IS "A" NUMBER ONE WITH ME, TOO! I'M WITH THE PEOPLE .. HAW! HAW! HAW!
CAREFUL, HE JES' HAD HIS DINNER.
HOW'D THE VOTE BREAK DOWN, MIZ BEETLE?
WELL, ON ONE SIDE THERE WAS .. UM .. THREE.
HAW! HAW! A REAL SKUNKIN' ... AND WHAT WAS YOUR WINNING VOTE?
THAT WAS IT ... T-H-E-R-DOUBLE-E ... THREE!
YOU MEAN LIKE COMES BETWEEN TWO AND FOUR?

IT SEEM TO ME, MR. CONGERSMAN, THAT OL' FREMOUNT GOT MORE VOTES PLEDGED TO HIM THAN ANYBODY.
TRUE, TRUE.. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE RACE, SIR?
JES' FINE

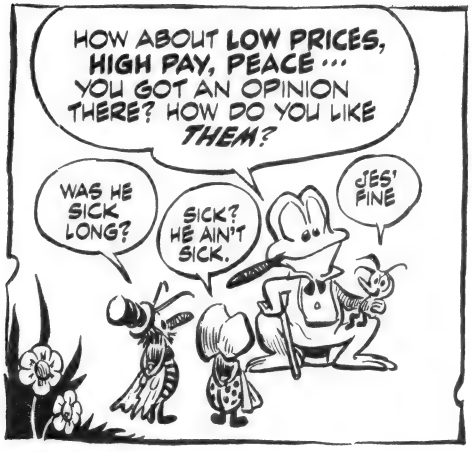
NOTHING I LIKE BETTER'N CONFIDENCE... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PARTY PROGRAM, SIR?
JES' FINE

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OUR CHANCES ARE TO SWEEP YOU INTO OFFICE, SIR?
JES' FINE

Y'KNOW, WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE CANDIDATE IS HIS FORTH-RIGHT, CLEAR-CUT, FEARLESS, CONSISTENT, NO-NONSENSE ABILITY TO GIVE A CONCISE ANSWER TO THE LEADING ISSUES OF THE DAY...
OH, ME, TOO.
JES' FINE

H'LO, MIZ BEETLE, I COME OVER TO VIEW THE CANDIDATE.
H'LO, WILLOW, THE WASP.
FREMOUNT, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PARITY?
JES' FINE

HOW ABOUT EQUALITY, FRAÏERNITY, JUSTICE? HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THOSE THINGS?
HE LOOKS JUST AS NATURAL.
JES' FINE

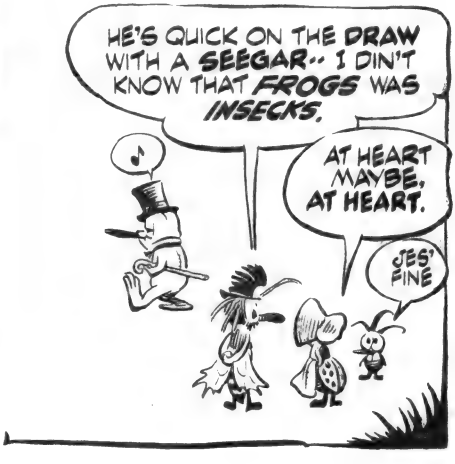

HOW ABOUT LOW PRICES, HIGH PAY, PEACE... YOU GOT AN OPINION THERE? HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM?
WAS HE SICK LONG?
SICK? HE AIN'T SICK.
JES' FINE

HE AGREES WITH EVER'THING ... DOES EVER'THING AGREE WITH HIM?
JES' ONLY RADISHES AND THE TEEVEE DON'T... THEY GIVES HIM THE COLD ROBBIES.
LOW TAXES?
JES' FINE

WELL, MR. CONGERSMAN! SO THAT'S THE BUG US WASPS, CRINKETS, CATERPIGGLES, BUSTERFLIES AN' GRASSHOPPLES IS GONNA ELECT TO THE WHITE HOUSE!
FREMOUNT HIMSELF, MR. WASP.
JES' FINE

SEEM LIKE HE DON'T SAY NOTHIN' MUCH... MIND IF I ASK HIM A QUESTION? HOW DO YOU FEEL 'BOUT A BIG FAT PENSION FOR BEAT-UP WASPS, MR. CANDIDATE?
JES' FINE

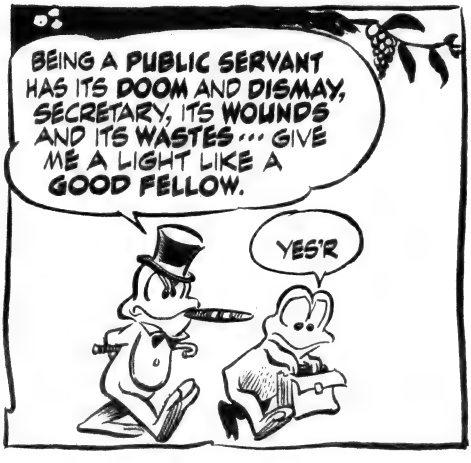
I GOTTA ADMIT HE COME RIGHT OUT... DIRECT! CLEAR! NOT AFRAID TO RISK HURTIN' MY TENDER WASP FEELIN'S!
HE'S OUR BOY! US BUGS HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER... HAVE A SEEGAR? NO? WELL, GOOD LUCK!
JES' FINE


HE'S QUICK ON THE DRAW WITH A SEEGAR.. I DIN'T KNOW THAT FROGS WAS INSECKS.
AT HEART MAYBE, AT HEART.
JES' FINE

THE UNCLEAR ISSUE

SO YOU LIKES FREMOUNT, THE BOY BUG, AS A CANDIDATE, HUH, MR. CONGERSMAN?
POGO, THIS IS OUR BOY! YOUNG, ALERT, ALIVE... A NEW LOOK!
A NICE LI'L' BOY, HUH?
POGO, BELIEVE ME! THIS GUY HAS GOT IT ALL ... AND HE'S WILLING TO GIVE IT AWAY, TOO... SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.
HE'S THOUGHTFUL! CAREFUL OF PEOPLE'S FEELINGS.. THAT'S THE WATCHWORD OF POLITICS, POGO... THAT AND A GOOD MEMORY... TRAITS I NEVER NOTICED IN OUR LAST MAN... LOOK IT UP, SECRETARY, WHO WAS OUR LAST GUY?
LESSEE..
POGO

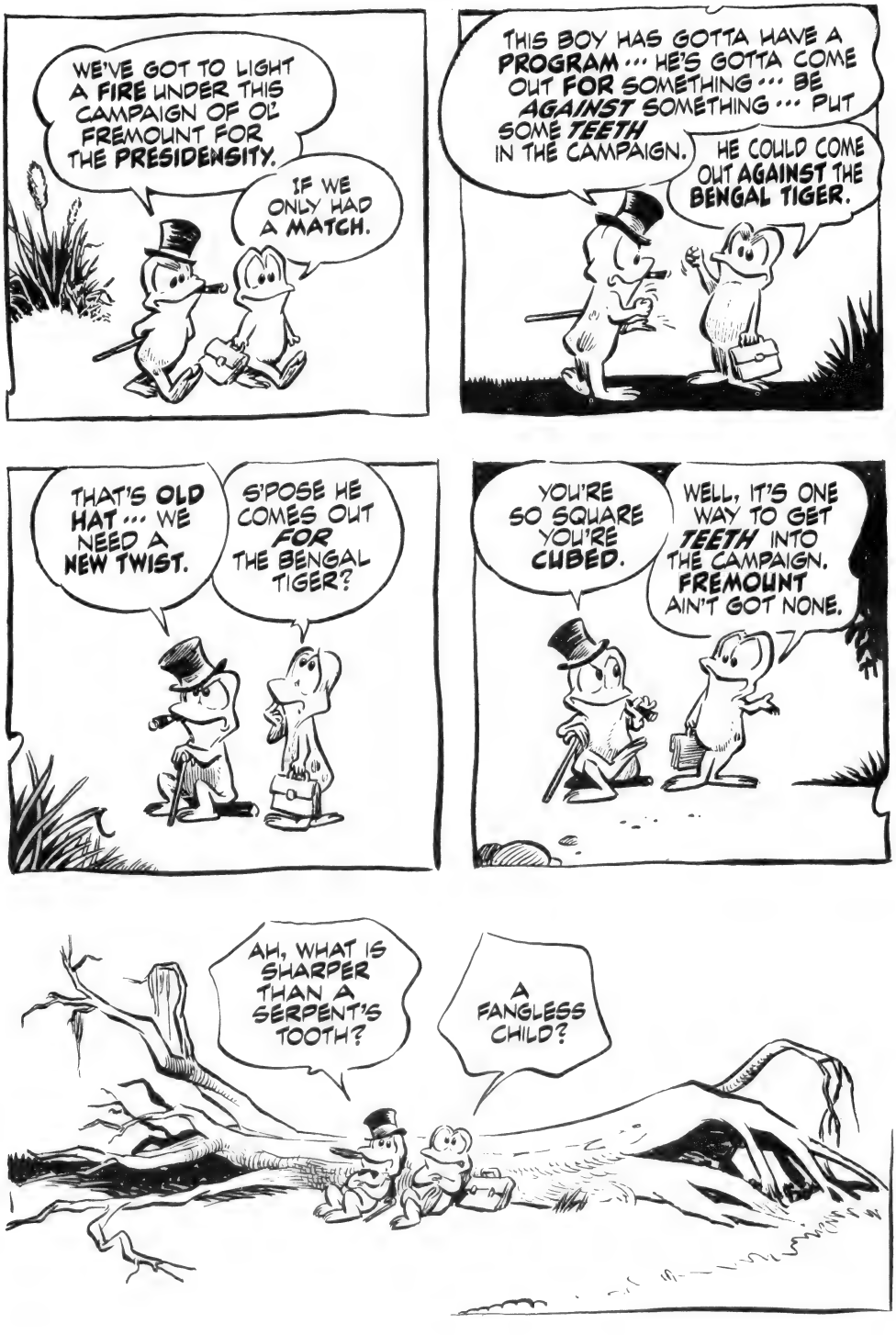
WELL, TA TA!
HOW EMBARRASSING! HIM SITTIN' THERE LISTENING TO US... BOLD AS BRASS.


BEING A PUBLIC SERVANT HAS ITS DOOM AND DISMAY, SECRETARY, ITS WOUNDS AND ITS WASTES... GIVE ME A LIGHT LIKE A GOOD FELLOW.
YES'R

YOUR FEDERAL FILING SYSTEM IS A SHODDY MAKESHIFT... QUICKLY! LOOK UNDER "M" FOR A MATCH.
LAST WEEK ALL'S WE FOUND UNDER "M" WAS "MONEY"... MY PAY! AN' YOU USED THAT FOR A LIGHT BUT THIS WEEK...

COME, COME... I'M A BUSY MAN.
BUT THIS WEEK I MADE SURE MY MONEY AIN'T UNDER "M"... OOP! NEITHER IS A MATCH! WELL, I'LL LOOK UNDER "L" FOR LIGHT... OOG...
NO MATCH.. BUT...

I FILED IT UNDER "L" FOR LOOT...
SOMEDAY YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LIGHT YOUR SEEGARS WITH FIVE-DOLLAR BILLS.
5$


WE'VE GOT TO LIGHT A FIRE UNDER THIS CAMPAIGN OF OL' FREMOUNT FOR THE PRESIDENSITY.
IF WE ONLY HAD A MATCH.
THIS BOY HAS GOTTA HAVE A PROGRAM ... HE'S GOTTA COME OUT FOR SOMETHING ... BE AGAINST SOMETHING ... PUT SOME TEETH IN THE CAMPAIGN.
HE COULD COME OUT AGAINST THE BENGAL TIGER.
THAT'S OLD HAT ... WE NEED A NEW TWIST.
S'POSE HE COMES OUT FOR THE BENGAL TIGER?
YOU'RE SO SQUARE YOU'RE CUBED.
WELL, IT'S ONE WAY TO GET TEETH INTO THE CAMPAIGN. FREMOUNT AIN'T GOT NONE.
AH, WHAT IS SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH?
A FANGLESS CHILD?

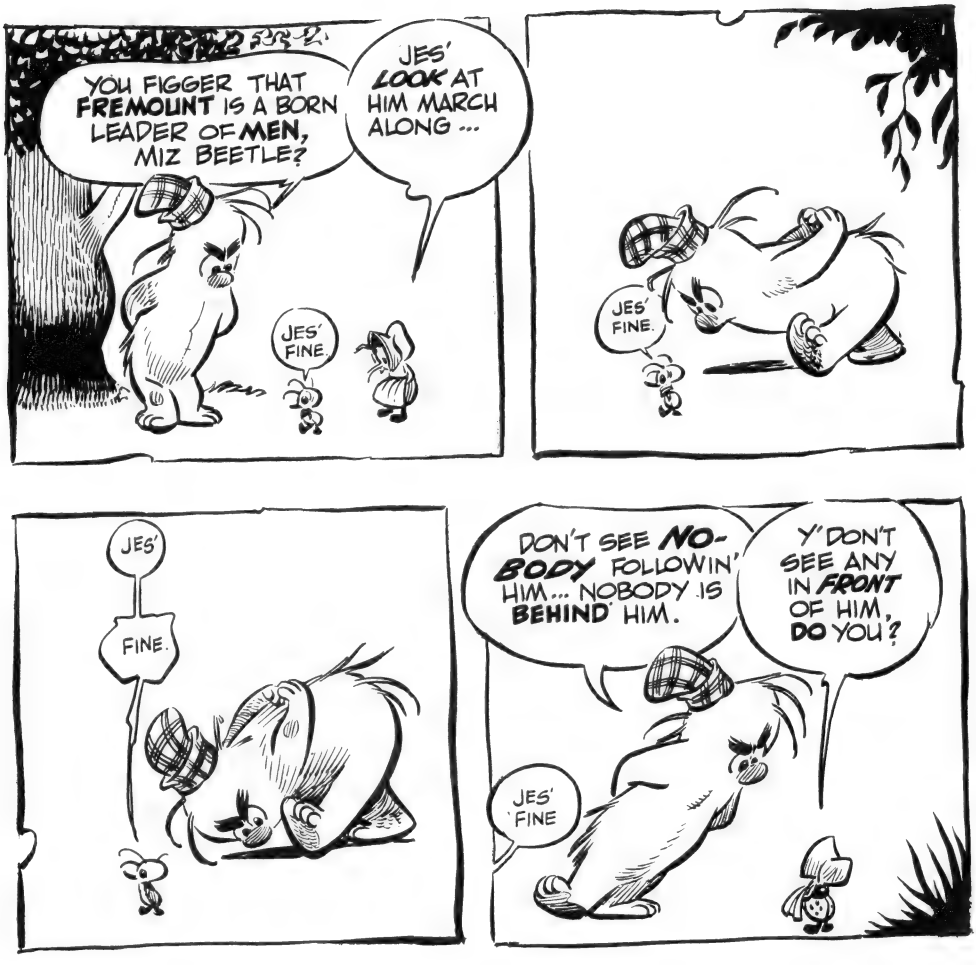
STOP PRESS MAKEOVER

TAMMANANNY, KILL that first flash PRESS RELEASE for the CANDIDATE ☆
IT WAS DEAD WHEN YOU SPAWNED IT. NO MENTION OF THE CANDIDATE, FREMOUNT, P.T.
NOW, NOW! YOUNG FRYPAN'S CANDIDATURE MUST NOT BE A PRECIPITATE PLUNGE into PSEUDOMORPHOUS PULLULATION!
NATURALLY NOT! NOT IN THIS WEATHER... HE'D CATCH HIS DEATH.. BUT HE'LL BE DEAD ANYWAY UNLESS YOU TAKE HIM OUT OF THE DEEP FREEZE PRETTY SOON.
VERY WELL!
FLASH! BULLETIN!
WEATHER ☆ CLOUDY ☆ FOGGY
SENATE ON 24HR ALERT
WASHINGTON,
OKEFENOKEE, GA.
P.T. BRIDGEPORT, POLITICAL MAGI, NAMES NOMINEE
POPULAR LEADER SAYS 'I HAVE PICKED A WINNER'
NEXT, HOW ABOUT A NICE LONG CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHY OF YOU?

SO FAR THE ONLY BULLETIN YOU'VE RELEASED TO THE PRESS WAS A WEATHER REPORT AND THAT WAS WRONG...
☆ONE does not expect 100% PERFECTION ALL the TIME.
FREMOUNT, THE BOY BUG, WILL BE A MUMMIFIED RELIC BEFORE YOU PUT OUT A STORY ON HIM ... HOW ABOUT NAMIN' HIM THE CANDIDATE TODAY?
Let's see-- ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ 10¢
FINAL P.T. BRIDGEPORT NAMES--UM--UH-- WHAT'S'IS NAME OH-- --MM--??
BRIDGEPORT CERTAIN OF VICTORY IN
FREMOUNT! ...
Oh, yes ☆ 415 SHOPPING DAYS TILL XMAS
P.T. BRIDGEPORT PICKS FLEAMUT
BELOVED LEADER NAMES UNKNOWN
CONFIDENCE RETURNS TO NATION'S CAPITAL
YOU'RE HAVIN' SO MUCH TROUBLE REMEMBERIN' THE CANDIDATE'S NAME, WE'LL NEVER GET OUT A PRESS RELEASE.
POLITICS is a TRICKY ☆ GAMEVV ☆☆
FREMOUNT'S NAME CAN BE REMEMBERED THUS: F IS FOR FELIX; R FOR RUDOLPH; E FOR EMMETT; M FOR MOE; O FOR OTHO; U FOR ULRIC; N FOR NEMO AND T FOR TIPPECANOE ... ALTOGETHER THEY STAND FOR FREMOUNT.
RIGHT!

Felix, Rudolph, EMMETT, MOE, OTHO, ULRIC, NEMO AND TIPPECANOE!
REMEMBER them NAMES!
NOW YOU'RE COOKIN'.
EVERY LAST Son OF THEM IS FOR
Mother's
FURBUNCH
the PEOPLE'S CHOICE
WELL! WELL! I UNDERSTAND YOU BOYS ARE WITH THE TEAM! DOING PUBLICITY! PUT IT THERE!
DID YOU HEAR A VOICE, Tammannanny?
THOUGHT SO... DON'T SEE ANY-BODY...
DOWN HERE!
THOUGHT YOU BOYS COULD PUT OUT A STORY THAT ME, THE CONGERSMAN HERE, IS THROWIN' MY WEIGHT IN BACK OF OL' FREMOUNT.
YOUR Weight?
WELL...
FLASH FILLER: ETAOIN SHRDLU PLS:/ PG.55
CONGERSMAN BOARDS CANDIDATE FRUITBIN'S VICTORY BANDWAGON
HELP WANT DISHWASHER JOB PAYS $25
FROG SAYS HE'LL THROW WEIGHT BEHIND FLYBITE
P.T. BRIDGEPORT: "NO COMMENT"
FORT MUDGE, FEB 11
HOW MUCH DOES HE WEIGH? WITH THE CIGAR?

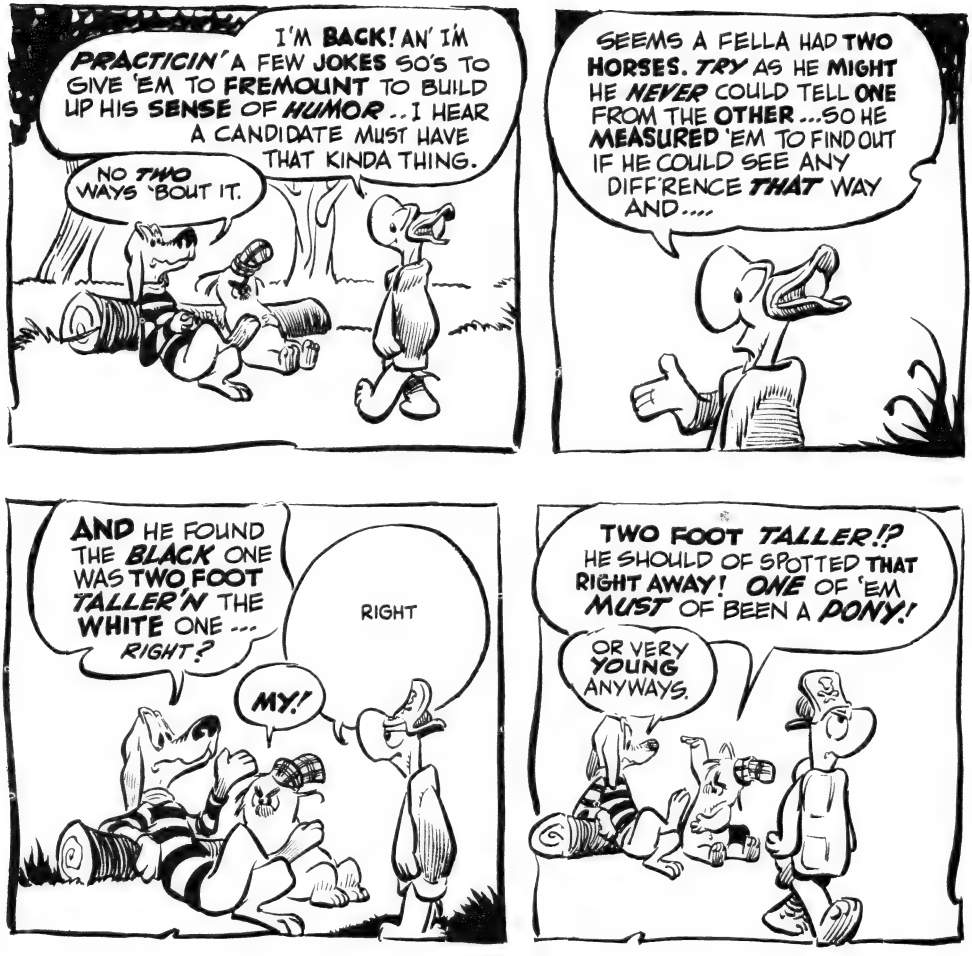
NEW BORN LEADER


YOU FIGGER THAT FREMOUNT IS A BORN LEADER OF MEN, MIZ BEETLE?
JES' LOOK AT HIM MARCH ALONG ...
JES' FINE.
JES' FINE.
JES' FINE.
DON'T SEE NO-BODY FOLLOWIN' HIM... NOBODY IS BEHIND HIM.
Y' DON'T SEE ANY IN FRONT OF HIM, DO YOU?
JES' FINE

I ADMIRES OL' FREMOUNT TREE-MOUNDLESSLY... BUT DO HE EVER SAY ANYTHING 'CEPT "JES' FINE"?
JES' FINE
THAT'S A PLENTY.
BUT IF HE'S GONE RUN FER THE PRES-IDENSITY HE GOTTA SAY MORE'N "JES' FINE"...
WHY?
S'POSE A NATIONAL CATASTROPHE GETS A TWO-THIRDS MAJORITY... AN' FOLKS WANTS TO KNOW: HOW'S HE DOIN'?
JES'
WELL, HE COULD SAY, "JES' FINE."
FIFTY EVER-LOVIN' PERCENT OF THE TIME HE MIGHT BE RIGHT.... BABE RUTH DIDN'T DO NO BETTER.
FINE
I BEEN TALKIN' TO MIZ BEETLE 'BOUT FREMOUNT. SHE CLAIM IT'D BE OKAY FOR HIM TO SAY "JES' FINE," AS PRESIDENT.
UNLESS HE GOTTA HOLLER FER HELP HE'S SAFE.
YEH, BUT SHE SAY EVEN IF HE'S GOTTA ANSWER QUESTIONS, HALF THE TIME HE'D BE RIGHT....
BETTER'N MOST.

WELL, SHE SAY HIS AVERAGE WOULD BE AT LEAST AS GOOD AS BABE RUTH'S.
AND A FINE PRESIDENT HE WAS.
UM.. DID SHE MEAN IN HITTIN' IT OR THROWIN' IT?
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER, FIGHTING THE DRAGON? HE SAID, "HOO BOSS! HOO BOSSY! BOSSY!" AND THE DRAGON RUN OFF.
WHY, HO, HO?
IF HE CALLED HIM A COW'S NAME, (A. BOSSY,) THE DRAGON WAS "COWED" (OR IN OTHER WORDS, B. SCARED,) IPSO...
FACTO, THE DRAGON BEING COWED, HE UNDOUBTEDLY...
OKAY!
OKAY OKAY OKAY
I DON'T GET IT.
CLODS!

A YUCK FOR A YUCK


I'M BACK! AN' I'M PRACTICIN' A FEW JOKES SO'S TO GIVE 'EM TO FREMOUNT TO BUILD UP HIS SENSE OF HUMOR.. I HEAR A CANDIDATE MUST HAVE THAT KINDA THING.
NO TWO WAYS 'BOUT IT.
SEEMS A FELLA HAD TWO HORSES. TRY AS HE MIGHT HE NEVER COULD TELL ONE FROM THE OTHER...SO HE MEASURED 'EM TO FIND OUT IF HE COULD SEE ANY DIFF'RENCE THAT WAY AND....
AND HE FOUND THE BLACK ONE WAS TWO FOOT TALLER'N THE WHITE ONE --- RIGHT?
MY!
RIGHT
TWO FOOT TALLER!? HE SHOULD OF SPOTTED THAT RIGHT AWAY! ONE OF 'EM MUST OF BEEN A PONY!
OR VERY YOUNG ANYWAYS.

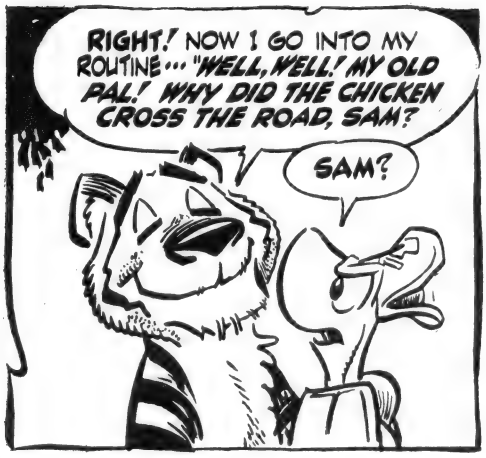
I BEEN WORKIN' MY HEAD TO THE BONE TRYIN' TO HELP FREMOUNT DEVELOP A SENSE OF HUMOR.
WHY? IS HE GOIN' TO BE A T.V. COMIC?
A T.V. COMIC? WELL, UM... ..NO... NOT EXACTLY.. HE'S RUNNIN' FOR HIGH OFFICE... HE'S GOTTA BE FOLKSY..GOTTA TELL A FEW ROUSERS...
TROUBLE IS, I CAN'T THINK OF ANY HE CAN USE...
NOT EVEN ANY YOU COULD SORTA DUST 'EM OFF A LI'L'?
'TAIN'T THAT... HOW MANY JOKES DO YOU KNOW WHAT ENDS WITH THE PUNCH LINE OF "JES' FINE"?
'LONG AS YOU WANTS TO TEACH FREMOUNT SOME JOKES SO'S HE'LL LOOK LIKE HE GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR YOU GOTTA USE JOKES ENDIN' IN "JES FINE".
THAT I KNOW.
WE'LL THINK OF SOME.

Y'KNOW, I THINK THIS BOY BETTER JUS' RUN ON HIS RECORD.
NO OTHER FUNNY STUFF, HUH?
I STILL FEELS FREMOUNT OUGHT TO TELL A FEW JOKES... THE BIG AMERICAN TRADITION IS A SENSE OF HUMOR.
A MAN RUNNIN' FOR PRESIDENT GOTTA HAVE A READY QUIP... A ANECDOTE AT THE TIP OF HIS TONGUE... THEN WHEN A FOREIGN PREE-MEER SAYS: "WE'RE AHEAD OF YOU IN SUCCOTASH AND ROCKETS.."
FREMOUNT CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHIN' LIKE "JES' FINE!" ?
WELL.. YOU KNOW... REPARTEE COULD BE WORKED OUT AHEAD OF TIME.
WELL, MAYBE.. BUT FOR THE PURPOSES OF RUNNIN' FOR OFFICE HE BETTER RUN ON HIS RECORD.
I S'POSE THERE COULD BE A FEW LAUGHS IN IT, AT THAT... AN' WE COULD ALWAYS YUCK IT UP A LI'L.

VENTRILOQUIZZING

I COME OVER TO MAKE A SUGGESTION, 'LONG AS YOU AN' P.T. BRIDGEPORT IS WORKIN' FOR OL' FREMOUNT.
P.T. IS ASLEEP TRYIN' TO DREAM UP A PRESS RELEASE FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.
G. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY WAS ON MONDAY... P.T. IS WASTIN' HIS TIME.
WELL, HE WENT TO SLEEP ON SUNDAY.
SUNDAY? THAT'S ALMOST FIVE DAYS OF SLEEP... AIN'T THAT OVERDOIN' IT?
OH, NOT FOR A BEAR... HE WAS UP ALL WINTER WITH A SICK FRIEND, YOU KNOW.

FREMOUNT GOTTA DEVELOP HIS PERSONALITY SO'S HE SPARKLES WITH WIT... THEN THE PUBLIC WILL TAKE HIM TO ITS BOSOM.
A GOOD IDEA... I GOT A COUPLE OF OLD VAUDEVILLE ROUTINES AROUND SOMEWHERES... LET'S SEE, ONE WENT: "WHY'D THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD, SAM?"
SAM?
I NEVER HEARD IT TOLD THAT WAY... NOT WITH SAM.. MAYBE WITH FRED, OR IRVING.. BUT SAM? I DUNNO!
IT WAS SAM.
OH, S'POSE IT WAS SAM.. WHAT'S THE REST OF IT?
WELL, THAT PART ESCAPES ME ...BUT I'M SURE OF THE SAM PART.
LISTEN, I JUST THOUGHT OF A GREAT IDEA... I USED TO BE A VENTRILOQUIST AND FREMOUNT CAN'T SAY NOTHIN' BUT "JES' FINE."
UM?
WELL, HE DON'T HAVE TO TALK AT ALL.. I'LL TALK... LOOK, PRETEND YOU'RE FREMOUNT, THE CANDIDATE... ACT LIKE A DUMMY.
JUST OPEN AND CLOSE MY MOUTH?


RIGHT! NOW I GO INTO MY ROUTINE... "WELL, WELL! MY OLD PAL! WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD, SAM?
SAM?

YES, SAM! WE DECIDED YESTERDAY IT WAS SAM! YOU DON'T HAVE THE BRAINS TO BE A DUMMY.
BUT I'M JUST A SUBSTITUTE CANDIDATE ... BESIDES IT'S FUNNIER WITH RUDOLPH.

THIS IS THE ONE WAY FREMOUNT WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE A SPEECH... THRU THE MAGIC OF VENTRILOQUISM.

ACT LIKE A DUMMY, NOW ... YOU, THE CANDIDATE, ARE TALKIN' ABOUT SPLITTING THE WOMEN'S VOTE... SO YOU SAY THAT REMINDS ME OF A STORY... (JUST KEEP OPENIN' AN' CLOSIN' YOUR MOUTH)

ONE MAGICIAN SAYS TO THE OTHER, "WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAWED WITH YOU LAST NIGHT?"

HAW HAW... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, PORKY?
WHAT'S HE EATIN'?

HELLO THERE, FOLKS, DON'T FORGET US TIGERS, TURTLES AND PORKYPINES GOTTA STICK TOGETHER.

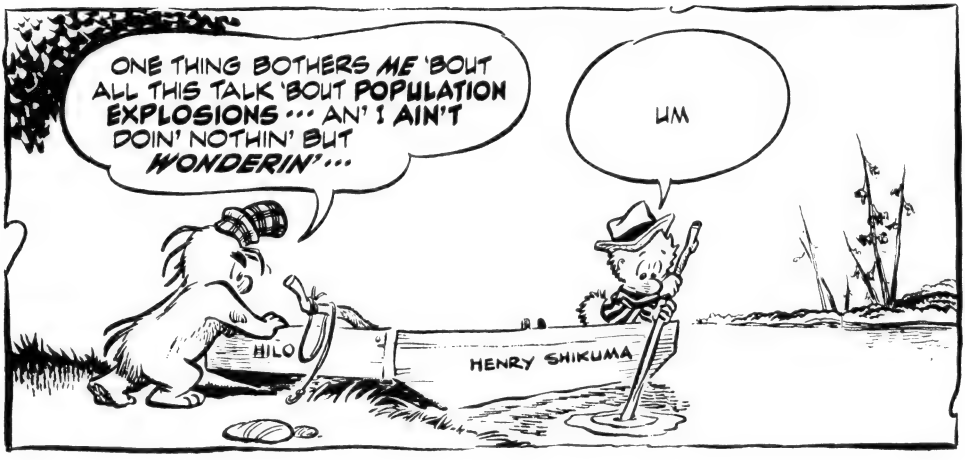
HELLO, MR. CONGERSMAN AN' YOUR RETINUE···
H'LO, MISS BOBOLINK··· DON'T FORGET ELECTION DAY. US BIRDS GOT TO STICK TOGETHER.

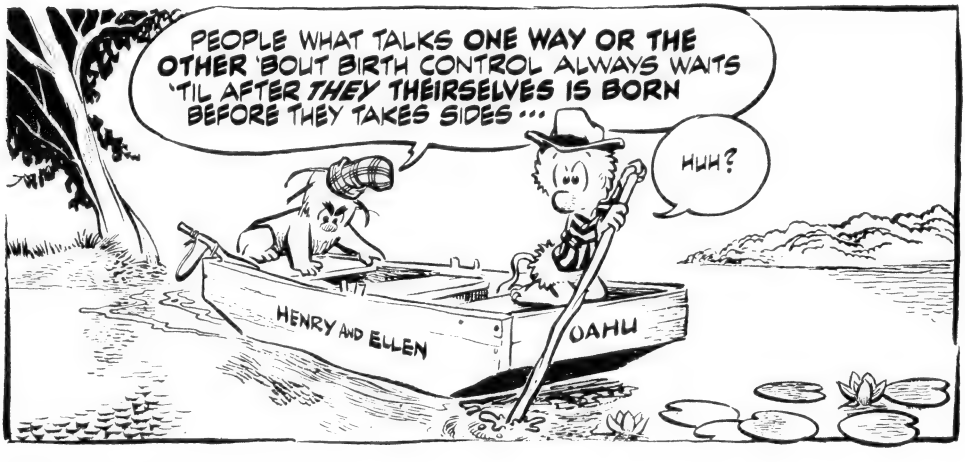
HOWDY, MRS. MOUSE·· DON'T FORGET THIS IS A ELECTION YEAR··· US MICE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER.
HEIGHDY, MR. CONGERSMAN

AH, THERE, MRS. CATERPIGGLE·· IT'S AN ELECTION TIME COMING UP··· AND US CATERPIGGLES MUST STICK TOGETHER.
HOWDY DO, MR. CONGERSMAN

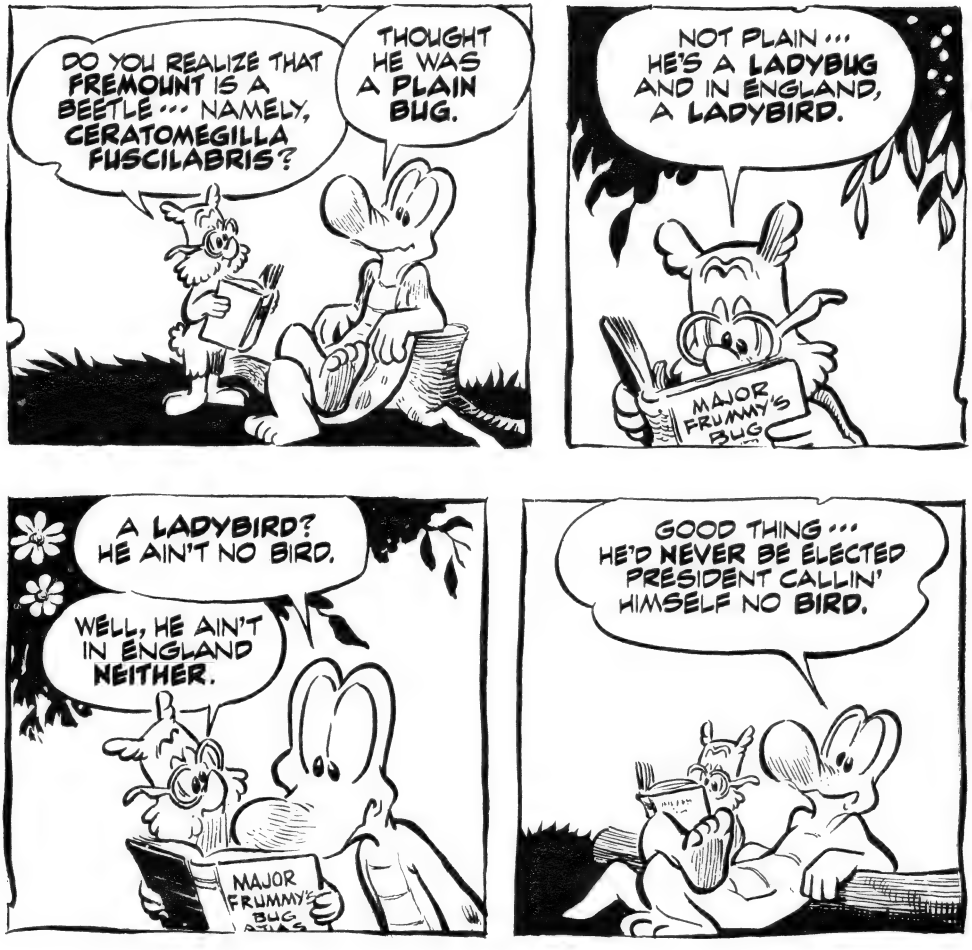
HELLO THERE, MR. CONGERSMAN
I DARE YOU.

BOTH SIDES OF THE ISLE


ONE THING BOTHERS ME 'BOUT ALL THIS TALK 'BOUT POPULATION EXPLOSIONS ··· AN' I AIN'T DOIN' NOTHIN' BUT WONDERIN'···
UM
HILO
HENRY SHIKUMA


PEOPLE WHAT TALKS ONE WAY OR THE OTHER 'BOUT BIRTH CONTROL ALWAYS WAITS 'TIL AFTER THEY THEIRSELVES IS BORN BEFORE THEY TAKES SIDES ···
HUH?
HENRY AND ELLEN
OAHU

GIVE 'EM DOUBLE "L"


DO YOU REALIZE THAT FREMOUNT IS A BEETLE ... NAMELY, CERATOMEGILLA FUSCILABRIS?
THOUGHT HE WAS A PLAIN BUG.
NOT PLAIN ... HE'S A LADYBUG AND IN ENGLAND, A LADYBIRD.
MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG
A LADYBIRD? HE AIN'T NO BIRD.
WELL, HE AIN'T IN ENGLAND NEITHER.
MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS
GOOD THING ... HE'D NEVER BE ELECTED PRESIDENT CALLIN' HIMSELF NO BIRD.

ALL RIGHT! LET'S SAY A LADYBUG IS A LADYBIRD.
UM?
AN' A LADYBIRD IS A ENGLISH LADYBUG... WELL!
YES, YES?
THAT MEANS THE ENGLISH AIN'T AFRAID TO ELECT A LADY PRESIDENT SO WHY SHOULD WE...?
BUT IS FREMOUNT A LADY?
THESE ARE ACADEMOCRATIC QUESTIONS.' IS FREMOUNT A LADY? IS THE QUEEN A PRESIDENT? IS A BUG A BIRD?
WAIT A MINUTE NOW... IS A WHAT A WHAT?
FACE THIS! CAN A LADY BE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. AND A.?
SO LONG AS SHE'S A GENTLEMAN.. WHY NOT?
IT SAYS RIGHT HERE IN MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS.. A LADYBUG OR A LADYBIRD IS NOT NECESSARILY A GENTLEMAN BUG OR BIRD AS THE CASE MAY BE!

AND ... MARK YOU, AND WHAT PARTY IS GONNA PUT UP A CANDIDATE WHAT IS NOT NECESSARILY A GENTLEMAN?
OH, HO!
YOU MEAN A WINNING CANDIDATE OR A NON-WINNING CANDIDATE?
LET'S SEE WHAT THE MAJOR SAYS ON THAT.
WELL, MAJOR FRUMMY DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT BUGS INSOFAR AS THEY IS CANDIDATES.
MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS
TO BE EXACT, HE DON'T SAY A LADYBUG, NOT BEIN' A GENTLEMAN BUG, CAN BE A CANDIDATE OR NOT ... IN OTHER WORDS, THE BUG ATLAS HERE LEAVES IT OPEN.
YOU GOT TO BE FAIR ABOVE ALL! WHAT PARTY WOULD PUT UP A CANDIDATE WHAT'S NOT ALSO A GENTLEMAN?
ANY PARTY MIGHT PUT UP AT LEAST ONE. HOW COULD THEY TELL?
HO! ANY PARTY MAYBE! WHY, SOMEBODY MIGHT PUT UP AS MANY AS SIX!
I'D SAY ONE WAS THE LIMIT.

DO YOU THINK THAT FREMOUNT'S BEIN' OF THE COCCINELLIDAE FAMILY WILL HURT HIS CHANCES?
ALL DEPENDS.. DO IT FIT ON A MARQUEE OUTSIDE A T.V. STUDIO?

WELL... IT'S ABOUT THAT LONG.
ALSO, CAN YOU SPELL IT EASY?

WELL, IT'S GOT A SET OF DOUBLE LETTERS.
A GOOD SIGN! ALL PRESIDENTS USUAL GOT THAT.

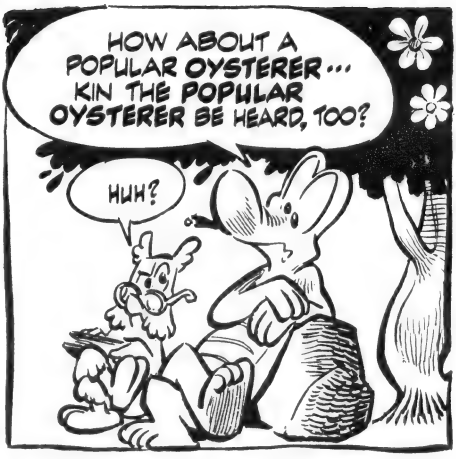
THIS BOY'S GOT TWO SETS... CC AND LL!
HE'S A SHOO-IN ... WHO'S GONNA BEAT THAT?

EVER HEAR OF WALLY WOOD? DOUBLE U, A, DOUBLE L, Y, DOUBLE U, DOUBLE O, D.
WAIT! WAIT!

COCKEYES AND MUSCLES

WHAT WE HAVE TO DO IS HELP BUILD UP OL' FREMOUNT'S CONFIDENCE.
NOTHIN' TO IT... WE GETS EVERYBODY HOLLERIN' FOR HIM! PRESTO! HE'S GOT TO LISTEN TO THE POPULAR CLAMOR.
THE POPULAR CLAMMER?
RIGHT! THE POPULAR CLAMOR.
THAT'S GONNA DO IT? JUST LISTEN TO THIS POPULAR CLAMMER?
YOU GOTTA HEED THE CLAMOR OF THE PUBLIC, SON.

WHEN THE CLAMOR OF THE PUBLIC, THE POPULAR CLAMOR, CALLS A MAN, HE KNOWS HE'S BEEN CALLED!
MY SAKES! I DIN'T KNOW WE HAD A PUBLIC CLAMMER.

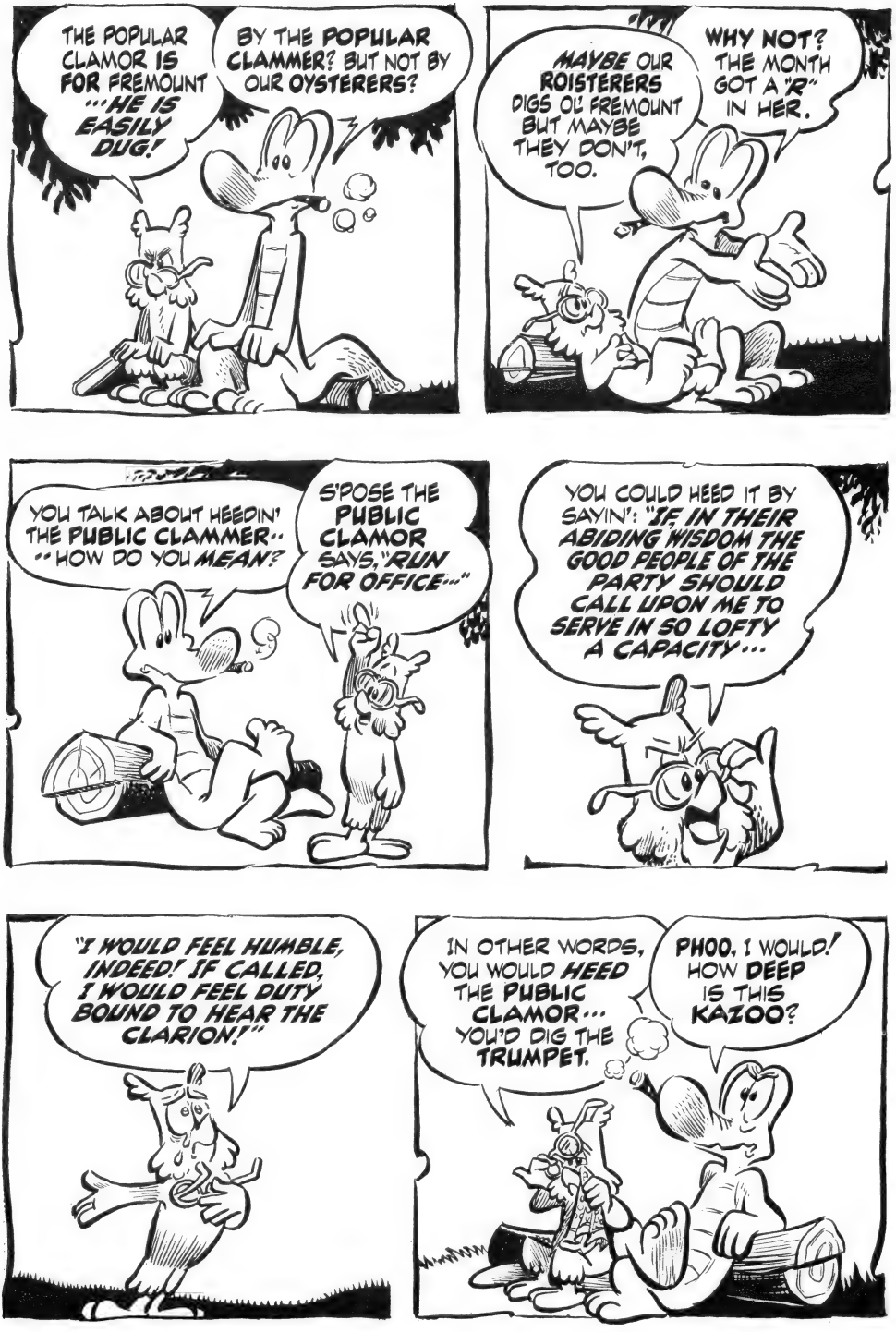

HOW ABOUT A POPULAR OYSTERER... KIN THE POPULAR OYSTERER BE HEARD, TOO?
HUH?

WELL, SURE, OUR ROISTERERS CAN BE HEARD, BUT THE VOICE OF THE VULGAR AIN'T GOT AS MUCH OOMPH ...MORE PEOPLE DIG THE POPULAR CLAMOR.
THEY DIGS THE CLAMMER?

SURE, THEY DIGS THE CLAMOR... THAT'S WHY THE CLAMOR IS SO POPULAR.
BY GEORGE Y. WELLS! I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

YEP, THE POPULAR CLAMOR MUST BE HEEDED!
YOU MEANS THE CLAMMER OF THE PUBLIC?

YES.. AN' IT'S MY THOUGHT THAT THE PUBLIC CLAMOR WILL BE FOR FREMOUNT!
THE CLAMMER IS FOR FREMOUNT?

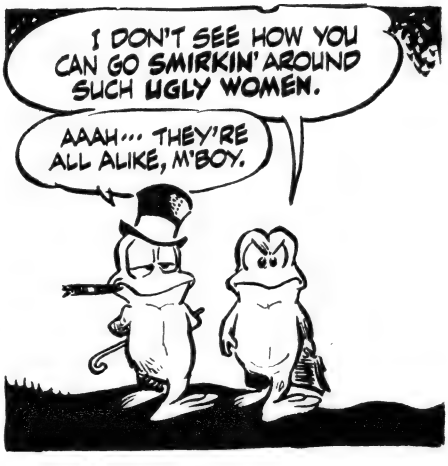

THE POPULAR CLAMOR IS FOR FREMOUNT ...HE IS EASILY DUG!
BY THE POPULAR CLAMMER? BUT NOT BY OUR OYSTERERS?
MAYBE OUR ROISTERERS DIGS OL' FREMOUNT BUT MAYBE THEY DON'T, TOO.
WHY NOT? THE MONTH GOT A "R" IN HER.
YOU TALK ABOUT HEEDIN' THE PUBLIC CLAMMER.. ..HOW DO YOU MEAN?
S'POSE THE PUBLIC CLAMOR SAYS, "RUN FOR OFFICE..."
YOU COULD HEED IT BY SAYIN': "IF IN THEIR ABIDING WISDOM THE GOOD PEOPLE OF THE PARTY SHOULD CALL UPON ME TO SERVE IN SO LOFTY A CAPACITY...
"I WOULD FEEL HUMBLE, INDEED! IF CALLED, I WOULD FEEL DUTY BOUND TO HEAR THE CLARION!"
IN OTHER WORDS, YOU WOULD HEED THE PUBLIC CLAMOR... YOU'D DIG THE TRUMPET.
PHOO, I WOULD! HOW DEEP IS THIS KAZOO?

FOOBASHFUL FROG

HURRY ALONG, SECRETARY... WE GOT A BIG JOB TO DO TODAY...
YESSIR, MR. CONGERSMAN
I GOT A GREAT IDEA.. WE'LL GET FREMOUNT AND HIS DOG INTO THE TEEVIES ... IT'S SURE-FIRE ... THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A DOG TO WARM THE HEART OF THE PUBLIC.
FROGGILY SPEAKIN', I WOULDN'T LEAP AT IT... REMEMBER, YOU DID THAT ONE YEAR ....
WELL, IT WAS A CHARMING PICTURE, WASN'T IT?
YEH ... BUT THE DOG GOT MORE VOTES THAN YOU DID.

FOO BASH

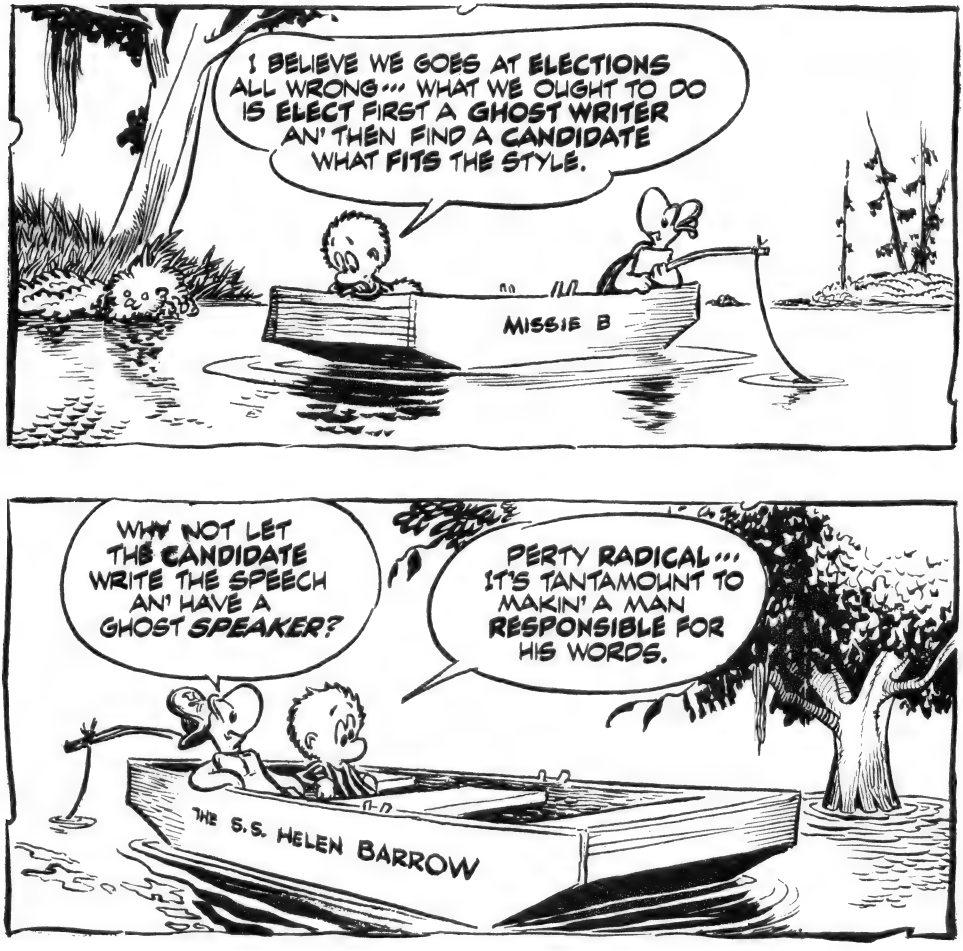
HOWDY, MISTER CONGERSMAN
WHY, AIN'T YOU PERTY TODAY, MIZ ANGLEWORM! IT'S A ELECTION YEAR... REMEMBER, US ANGLEWORMS MUST STICK TOGETHER.
AW, COME OFF IT


I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN GO SMIRKIN' AROUND SUCH UGLY WOMEN.
AAAH... THEY'RE ALL ALIKE, M'BOY.

WELL WELL WELL
DOG-GONE!

Y'KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING DISTINCTIVE ABOUT A LADY FROG, M'BOY.
YESSIRREE BOB! LET'S US STROLL IN THIS DIRECTION, MR. CONGERSMAN.

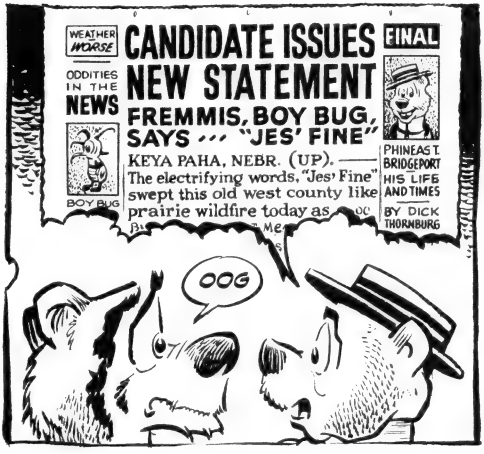
GHOST TO GHOST NETWORK


I BELIEVE WE GOES AT ELECTIONS ALL WRONG... WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO IS ELECT FIRST A GHOST WRITER AN' THEN FIND A CANDIDATE WHAT FITS THE STYLE.
MISSIE B
WHY NOT LET THE CANDIDATE WRITE THE SPEECH AN' HAVE A GHOST SPEAKER?
PERTY RADICAL... IT'S TANTAMOUNT TO MAKIN' A MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS WORDS.
THE S.S. HELEN BARROW

GO WEST, Y.M.

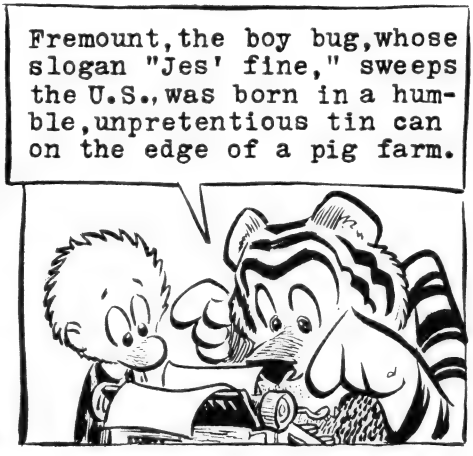
BY GREAT JUMPING BOB HALL! A ZEBRA! RUN UP AND GET HIS AUTOGRAPH, ASHLEIGH, MY SON.
I AIN'T A ZEBRA... I'M A TIGER.
HAW, TIGERS HAVE MANES ... WHERE'S YOURS?
SNIFF
AS MY MANE WENT, SO WENT THE NATION.
ARE YOU TRYIN' TO BE FUNNY?
BOO HOO
IN THIS COMIC VALENTINE? I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT.
DESTROY A SON'S FAITH IN HIS FATHER, WILL YOU? TAKE THAT! YOU FALSE ZEBRA!
GO IT, PA

JUST HAD A TALK WITH A COUPLA BUGS.. THEY CALLED ME A ZEBRA!
A ZEBRA !? WHY ?
THE STRIPES, MAYBE
ACTUALLY YOU LOOK LIKE A MASTER SERGEANT WHO HAS RE-ENLISTED 14,906 TIMES
WELL, I DIDN'T TAKE IT LYING DOWN.
ATTABOY!
I WAS MORE SITTING... SORT OF CROUCHED, IN FACT.
?
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU PUT OUT A PRESS RELEASE ON FREMOUNT... THE CANDIDATE, YOU RECALL.
AH, YES! LITTLE FRYMOCK! WHAT IS HIS LATEST BON MOT ??
"JES' FINE"
THAT, SIR, IS THE GENUINE TROUBLE! HOW CAN YOU PUT OUT A DAZZLER WITH NOTHING BUT "JES' FINE"
?


WEATHER MORSE
ODDITIES IN THE NEWS
BOY BUG
CANDIDATE ISSUES NEW STATEMENT
FREMMIS, BOY BUG, SAYS ··· "JES' FINE"
KEYA PAHA, NEBR. (UP). —— The electrifying words, "Jes' Fine" swept this old west county like prairie wildfire today as
FINAL
PHINEAS T. BRIDGEPORT HIS LIFE AND TIMES
BY DICK THORNBURG
OOG

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN ··· IT'S SORT OF LIKE COVERIN' A ONE-ALARM FUNERAL.
AS YOU SO APTLY PUT IT:
OOG!

IF PHINEAS T. WON'T PUT OUT A PRESS RELEASE ON FREMOUNT, I'LL WRITE A CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHY ON THE BOY BUG.
A FEARLESS MOVE

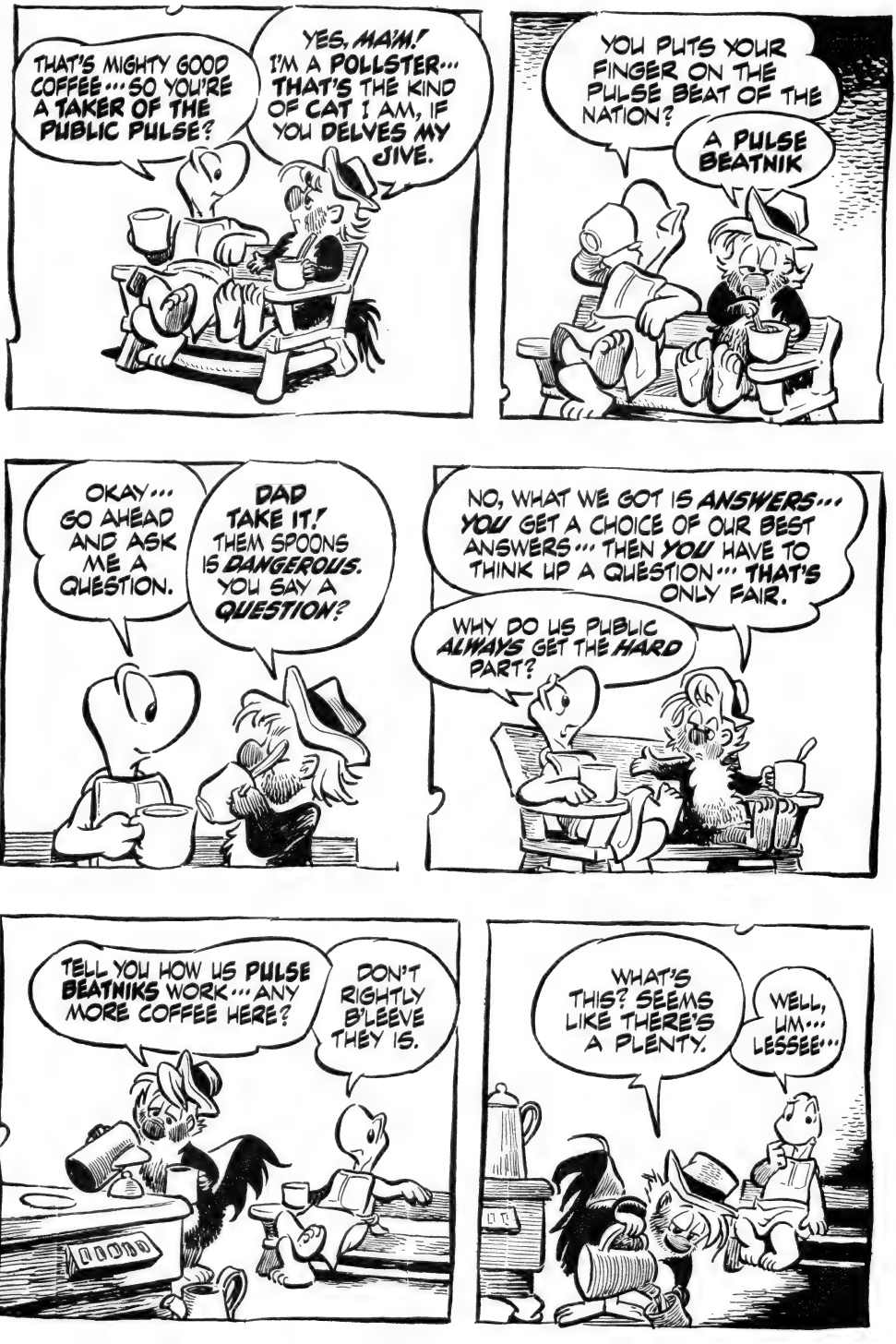

Fremount, the boy bug, whose slogan "Jes' fine," sweeps the U.S., was born in a humble, unpretentious tin can on the edge of a pig farm.

WELL, THAT'S IT··· A GOOD LEAD PARAGRAPH, WODDYA THINK? A GOOD START, HUH?

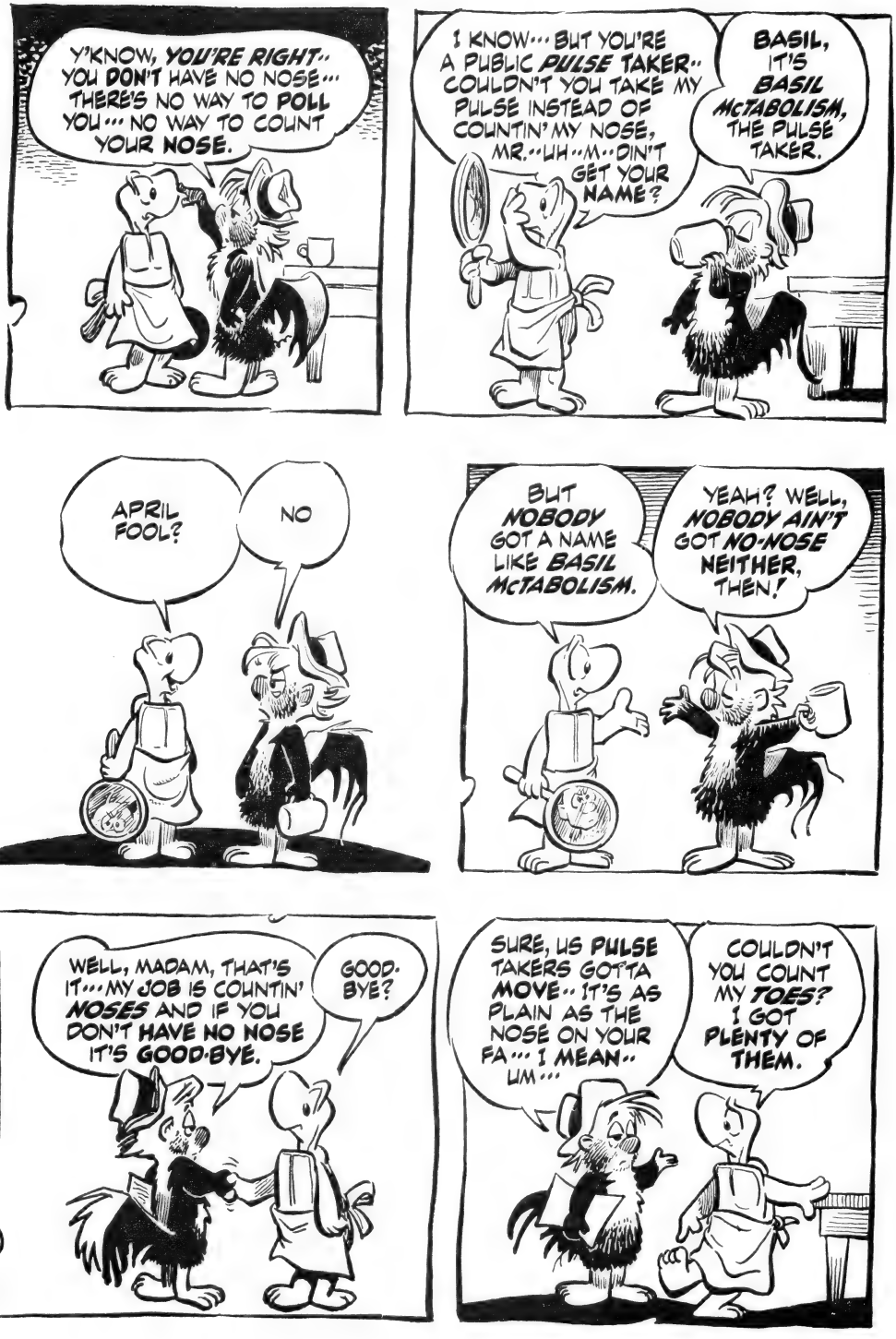
YOU MEAN THERE'S MORE?

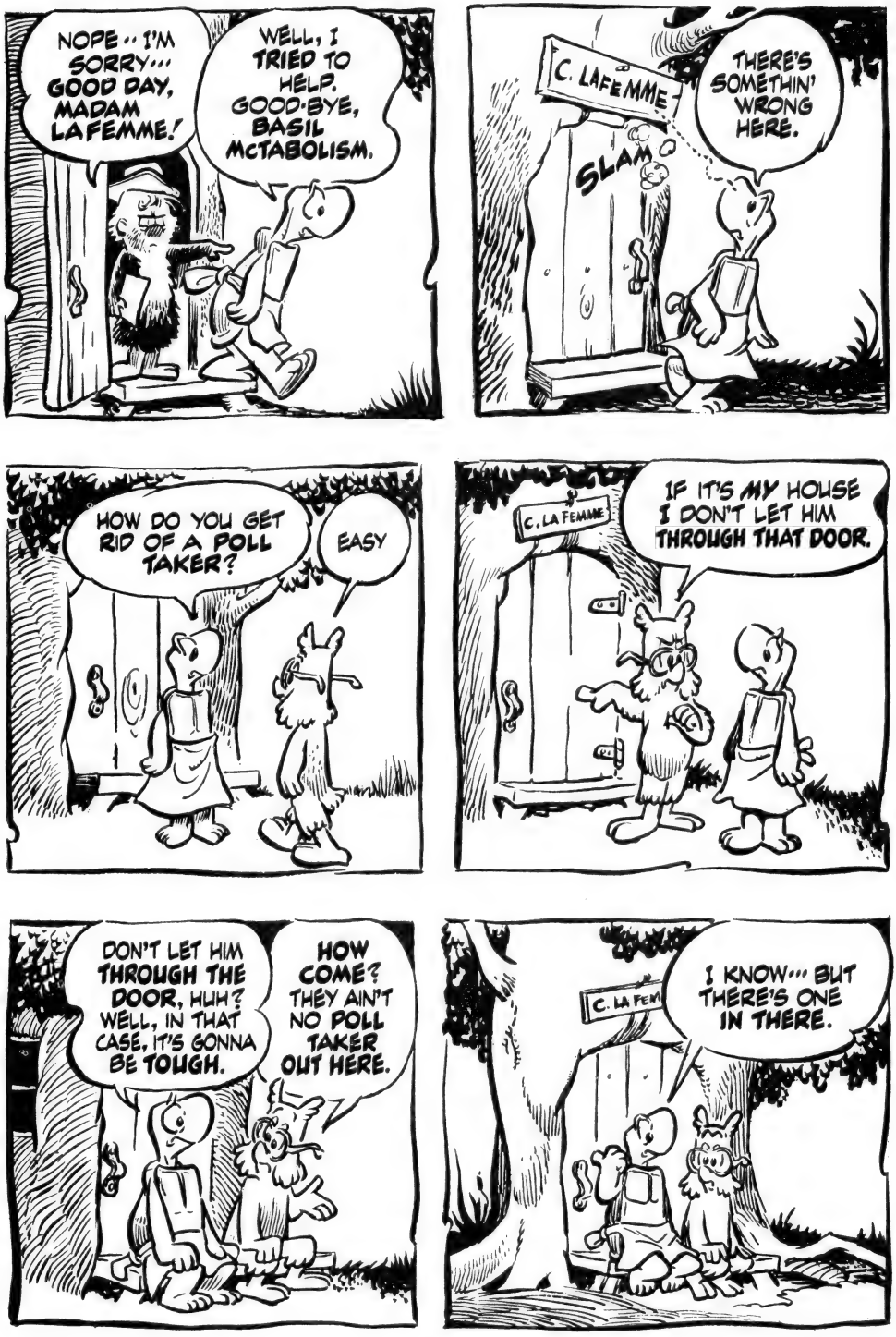
THE QUESTIONEER BEFORE THE HOUSE

C. LAFEMME
GOOD MORROW, MADAME... I'M A POLL TAKER OF THE PUBLIC PULSE... IS THE GENTLEMAN OF THE HOUSE ABOUT?
I DON'T THINK WE GOT ANY GENTLEMAN HERE.
'AT'S OKAY... I'LL WAIT... SIT DOWN AN' I'LL POUR YOU A CUP OF COFFEE.


THAT'S MIGHTY GOOD COFFEE··· SO YOU'RE A TAKER OF THE PUBLIC PULSE?
YES, MA'M! I'M A POLLSTER··· THAT'S THE KIND OF CAT I AM, IF YOU DELVES MY JIVE.
YOU PUTS YOUR FINGER ON THE PULSE BEAT OF THE NATION?
A PULSE BEATNIK
OKAY··· GO AHEAD AND ASK ME A QUESTION.
DAD TAKE IT! THEM SPOONS IS DANGEROUS. YOU SAY A QUESTION?
NO, WHAT WE GOT IS ANSWERS··· YOU GET A CHOICE OF OUR BEST ANSWERS··· THEN YOU HAVE TO THINK UP A QUESTION··· THAT'S ONLY FAIR.
WHY DO US PUBLIC ALWAYS GET THE HARD PART?
TELL YOU HOW US PULSE BEATNIKS WORK··· ANY MORE COFFEE HERE?
DON'T RIGHTLY B'LEEVE THEY IS.
WHAT'S THIS? SEEMS LIKE THERE'S A PLENTY.
WELL, UM··· LESSEE···

GACK! THE WORST COFFEE I EVER TASTED.
THAT THERE IS PAINT.
THAT SO? OH, WELL, FOR PAINT IT AIN'T BAD AT ALL.
IT'S HARD FOR ME TO UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN STAND AROUND DRINKIN' RED PAINT!
RED? IT'S NOT RED... IT'S MORE PUCE.
OH, YEH, WELL, PUCE, SURE...
ANYWAY, LET ME TELL YOU HOW WE PULSE BEATNIKS GO ABOUT COUNTIN' YOUR NOSES.
MY NOSES!?
I MEAN THE NOSES OF THE PUBLIC... ONLY ONE TO A CUSTOMER, OF COURSE... NOW, TAKE YOUR NOSE...
YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE WITH ME... I AIN'T GOT NO NOSE.. LOOK, THERE'S PROOF.
YOU MEAN YOU'RE WASTIN' MY TIME? NO NOSE TO COUNT HERE?


Y'KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT.. YOU DON'T HAVE NO NOSE... THERE'S NO WAY TO POLL YOU... NO WAY TO COUNT YOUR NOSE.
I KNOW... BUT YOU'RE A PUBLIC PULSE TAKER.. COULDN'T YOU TAKE MY PULSE INSTEAD OF COUNTIN' MY NOSE, MR.. UH.. M.. DIN'T GET YOUR NAME?
BASIL, IT'S BASIL McTABOLISM, THE PULSE TAKER.
APRIL FOOL?
NO
BUT NOBODY GOT A NAME LIKE BASIL McTABOLISM.
YEAH? WELL, NOBODY AIN'T GOT NO-NOSE NEITHER, THEN!
WELL, MADAM, THAT'S IT... MY JOB IS COUNTIN' NOSES AND IF YOU DON'T HAVE NO NOSE IT'S GOOD-BYE.
GOOD-BYE?
SURE, US PULSE TAKERS GOTTA MOVE.. IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON YOUR FA... I MEAN.. UM...
COULDN'T YOU COUNT MY TOES? I GOT PLENTY OF THEM.


NOPE.. I'M SORRY... GOOD DAY, MADAM LAFEMME!
WELL, I TRIED TO HELP. GOOD-BYE, BASIL MCTABOLISM.
C. LAFEMME
SLAM
THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG HERE.
HOW DO YOU GET RID OF A POLL TAKER?
EASY
C. LA FEMME
IF IT'S MY HOUSE I DON'T LET HIM THROUGH THAT DOOR.
DON'T LET HIM THROUGH THE DOOR, HUH? WELL, IN THAT CASE, IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH.
HOW COME? THEY AIN'T NO POLL TAKER OUT HERE.
C. LA FEM
I KNOW... BUT THERE'S ONE IN THERE.

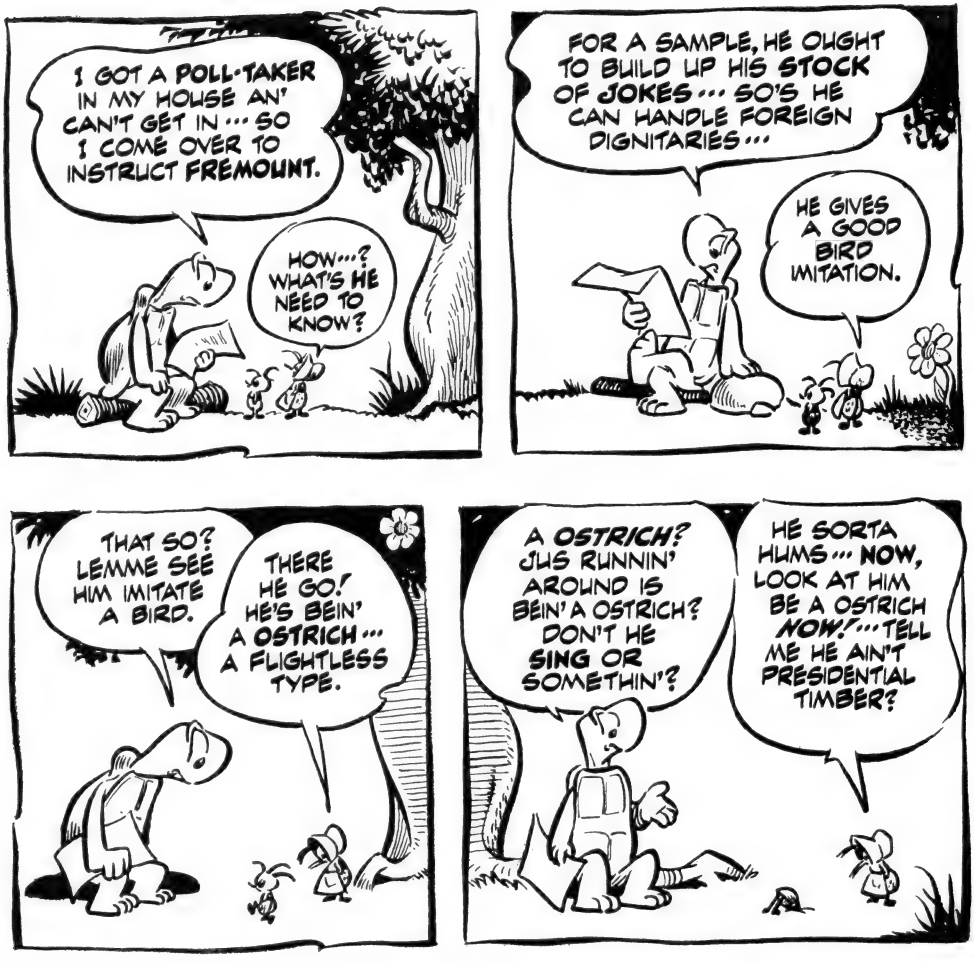
SOLICITING THE SOLACE

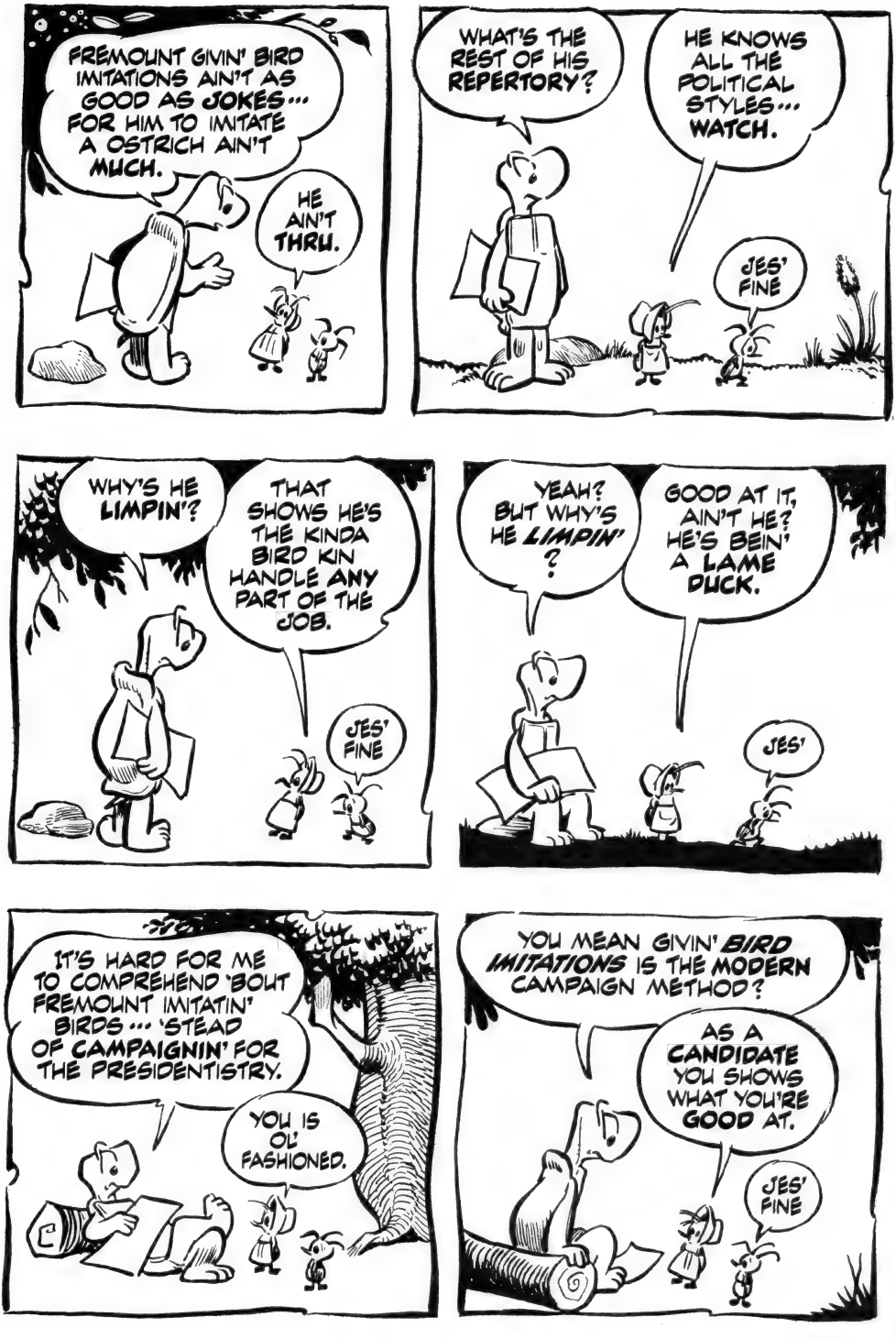
THAT POLL TAKER GOT A NERVE, LOCKIN' ME OUT OF MY OWN HOUSE.
KNOCK ON THE DOOR... TELL HIM TO LEAVE.
OPEN UP THERE! OPEN UP!
YOU BE DIRECT! I'LL BE FIRM!
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW SOMETHIN'? YOU...
YOU BE STEADY ... I'LL BE...
I DON'T RESPOND TO UNSOLICITED SOLICITATION... GOOD DAY!
SLAM
I'M GONNA SUE. HE HIT ME WITH YOUR DOOR.

OH, HE'S IN THERE, THAT OL' POLL TAKER... LIVIN' IT UP.. IN MY HOUSE...
CAN'T SEE HIM THRU THE KEY-HOLE.
MY DOOR AIN'T GOT NO KEYHOLE.
OH
HEY, IN THERE! STOP EATIN' CRACKERS IN MY BED!
YOU DOES IT YOUR OWN SELF.
BUT HE GOT HIS HAT ON.
HE AIN'T GOT NO NOBLESSE OBLIGE.
WHEN A STRANGER U-SURPS YO' PRIVILEGE OF PRIVATE DOMICILITY, TAKE ACTION! SMOKE THAT RASCAL OUT OF THERE!
SMOKE HIM OUT ?
THAT'S RIGHT! SMOKE THAT POLL TAKER OUT OF YOUR HOUSE.
I'LL SNEAK IN.

♪
OOP? WHAT HAPPENED?
HE OUT-SMOKED ME.
DELICIOUS CIGARS···YESSIR! FIRST-RATE!
I'LL TAKE THINGS INTO MY OWN HANDS··· I'LL GET THAT POLL-TAKIN' DOG-IN-THE-MANGER OUT OF THERE···
WHAT YOU GONNA DO?
SHH··· WE'LL SET FIRE TO THE PLACE.
HEE HEE
HEE··· THIS'LL ROUSE HIM.
WHAT'S YOU TRYIN' TO DO? BURN DOWN YOUR HOUSE?
THAT'S RIGHT! IT IS MY PLACE, AIN'T IT?
A PITY

BIRD WORK


I GOT A POLL-TAKER IN MY HOUSE AN' CAN'T GET IN ... SO I COME OVER TO INSTRUCT FREMOUNT.
HOW...? WHAT'S HE NEED TO KNOW?
FOR A SAMPLE, HE OUGHT TO BUILD UP HIS STOCK OF JOKES ... SO'S HE CAN HANDLE FOREIGN DIGNITARIES ...
HE GIVES A GOOD BIRD IMITATION.
THAT SO? LEMME SEE HIM IMITATE A BIRD.
THERE HE GO! HE'S BEIN' A OSTRICH ... A FLIGHTLESS TYPE.
A OSTRICH? JUS RUNNIN' AROUND IS BEIN' A OSTRICH? DON'T HE SING OR SOMETHIN'?
HE SORTA HUMS ... NOW, LOOK AT HIM BE A OSTRICH NOW! ... TELL ME HE AIN'T PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER?

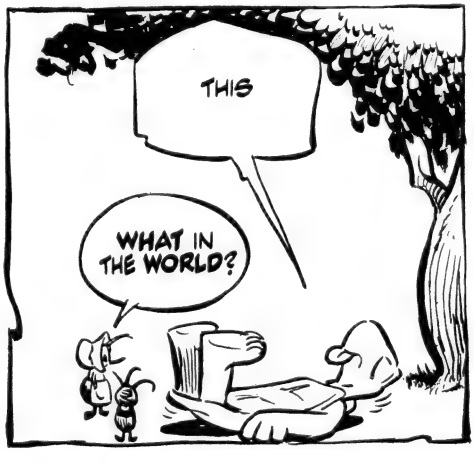

FREMOUNT GIVIN' BIRD IMITATIONS AIN'T AS GOOD AS JOKES... FOR HIM TO IMITATE A OSTRICH AIN'T MUCH.
HE AIN'T THRU.
WHAT'S THE REST OF HIS REPERTORY?
HE KNOWS ALL THE POLITICAL STYLES... WATCH.
JES' FINE
WHY'S HE LIMPIN'?
THAT SHOWS HE'S THE KINDA BIRD KIN HANDLE ANY PART OF THE JOB.
JES' FINE
YEAH? BUT WHY'S HE LIMPIN'?
GOOD AT IT, AIN'T HE? HE'S BEIN' A LAME DUCK.
JES'
IT'S HARD FOR ME TO COMPREHEND 'BOUT FREMOUNT IMITATIN' BIRDS... 'STEAD OF CAMPAIGNIN' FOR THE PRESIDENTISTRY.
YOU IS OL' FASHIONED.
YOU MEAN GIVIN' BIRD IMITATIONS IS THE MODERN CAMPAIGN METHOD?
AS A CANDIDATE YOU SHOWS WHAT YOU'RE GOOD AT.
JES' FINE

WULL, HE'S DONE A OSTRICH AN' A LAME DUCK... WHAT ELSE?
SHOW HIM WHAT OTHER LEADERSHIP ABILITIES YOU GOT, FREMOUNT.

WHOOSH! WHAT WAS THAT?
NATURALLY, THAT WAS THE DYIN' SWAN...

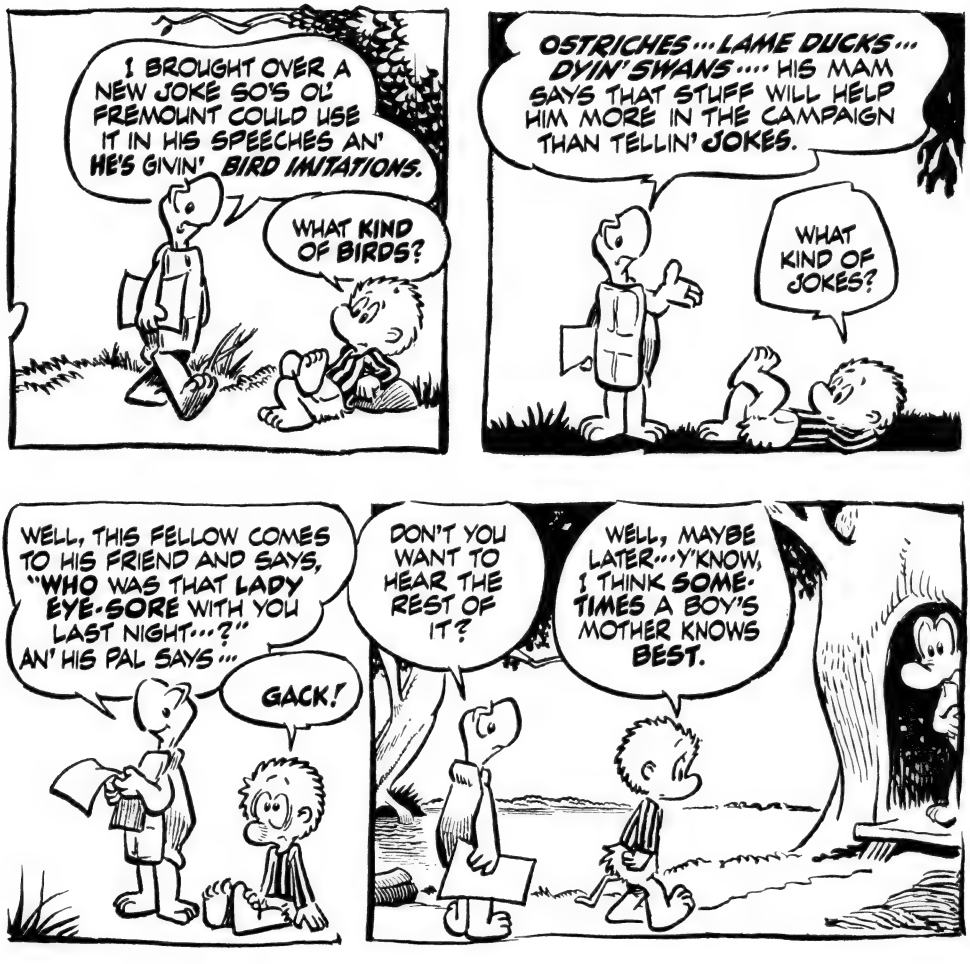
IF YOU GOES ON HAVIN' FREMOUNT GIVE BIRD IMITATIONS YOU'LL GET THE BIRD-WATCHER VOTE BUT WHAT ELSE?

WELL, WE'LL GET ALL THEM AS IS BIRD MINDED.
ALL THE BIRD BRAINS, HUH? Y'KNOW WHAT HE'S GONNA BE IMITATIN' IF HE KEEPS UP HIS ORNITHOLOGICAL CAMPAIGN?


THIS
WHAT IN THE WORLD?

A DODO

CLAMMING UP, COAST TO COAST


I BROUGHT OVER A NEW JOKE SO'S OL' FREMOUNT COULD USE IT IN HIS SPEECHES AN' HE'S GIVIN' BIRD IMITATIONS.
WHAT KIND OF BIRDS?
OSTRICHES... LAME DUCKS... DYIN' SWANS.... HIS MAM SAYS THAT STUFF WILL HELP HIM MORE IN THE CAMPAIGN THAN TELLIN' JOKES.
WHAT KIND OF JOKES?
WELL, THIS FELLOW COMES TO HIS FRIEND AND SAYS, "WHO WAS THAT LADY EYE-SORE WITH YOU LAST NIGHT...?" AN' HIS PAL SAYS...
GACK!
DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR THE REST OF IT?
WELL, MAYBE LATER... Y'KNOW, I THINK SOMETIMES A BOY'S MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

I BEEN THINKIN' AN' THINKIN' WHAT OWL SAID ABOUT THE PUBLIC CLAMMER.
THE CLAMOR OF THE PUBLIC?
YES ... THE POPULAR CLAMMER ... HE SAYS WE ALL MUST HEED THE CLAMMER.
NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT ... A EAR TO THE GROUND.
OWL SAYS WE MUST DIG THE CLAMMER ... THAT SOUND KINDA BACK-WARDS.
OH, IT WORKS BOTH WAYS ... WE UNDERSTANDS THE CLAMOR AND THE CLAMOR DIGS US.
THE CLAMMER DIGS ME? I'M A ALLIGATOR BY TRADE.
THERE WOULDN'T BE A TRUE CLAMOR OF THE PUBLIC WITHOUT IT TOOK INTO ACCOUNT ALL HUMAN BEANS.
OWL SAYS WE DON'T DIG OUR OYSTERERS LIKE WE DO THE PUBLIC CLAMMER.
WELL, OUR ROISTERERS ARE NOISY PEOPLE.
THEY DON'T MAKE ANY MORE NOISE THAN THE CLAMMER.
THE PUBLIC CLAMOR IS DEEP DOWN SOMETIMES AN' QUIET.

HUH?
A GROUND SWELL ... THE PUBLIC CLAMOR IS SWEPT ALONG ON A TIDE... IN WAVES....
SWIMMING ON AN' ON... ... ACROSS THE COUNTRY...
SWIMS ACROSS COUNTRY! A NATATORIAL PHEE-NOMINATION!
YOU SAY THE PUBLIC CLAMMER SWIMS ACROSS COUNTRY?
THE CLAMOR GOES ACROSS THE LAND IN A RISING WAVE, A TIDE.
WHAT ROUTE DO IT TAKE? ROUTE SIX?
NO SPECIAL ROUTE... THE CLAMOR OF THE PUBLIC SWIMS CROST PLAIN AN' MOUNTAIN.
THIS HERE CLAMMER SWIMS ACROSS MOUNTAINS?
ACROSS FOREST AND FEN... RAVINE AND RILL.
UNTIL AT LAST THE CLAMOR IS HEARD IN THE HALLS OF CONGRESS.
HOLLERIN' FOR HELP?

THE SATISFACTION OF HONOR

I'M TIRED OF WAITING FOR THAT POLL-TAKIN' CAT TO FLEE MY PRIVATE ENVIRONS... I'M GOIN' IN AN' THROW HIM OUT.
I'M GONNA CHARGE IN AND TEAR HIM LUMP FROM LUMP...
OH, YEAH!?
YEAH!
I KNOW MY RIGHTS.

YOU COME OUT OF MY HOUSE, YOU POLL-TAKIN' CAT!
LEAVE!

I'M BUSY! GO AWAY!
RACING TODAY

BESIDES ... COME IN AN' MAKE ME LEAVE!
OH, YEAH?! THAT'S YOUR JOB.

HEIGHDY, CHURCHILL, WHAT YOU DOON?
KEEPIN' A GUY FROM RUNNIN' OUT OF MY HOUSE.

I BEEN THINKIN' UP FUNNY STORIES SO'S THE CANDIDATE KIN SHOW HE'S A PURE AMERICAN BOY WITH HIS SUNNY SIDE UP.
UM

THE SERGEANT SAYS TO THE PRIVATES, "WHAT'S THE THIRD NOTE UP IN THE SCALE?" AN' ONE GUY SAYS, "MI!" THE SERGEANT SAYS, "I'M GLAD YOU VOLUNTEERED ..."

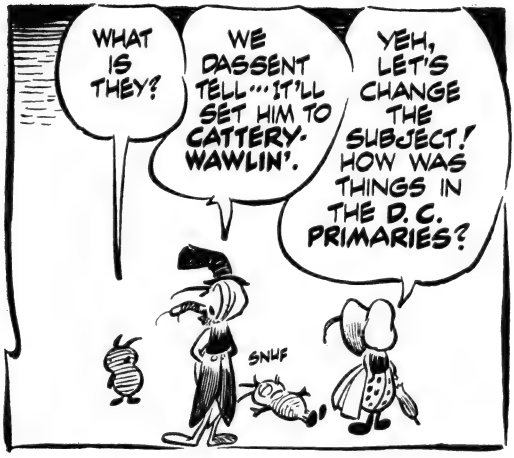
"NOW," HE SAYS, "TAKE THIS KNIFE AN' THEM POTATOES AN' ...." WHEREUPON THE PRIVATE SAYS, "I DIDN'T RAISE MY VOICE TO BE A SOLDIER." THEN ...
DID SOMEBODY KNOCK?
SLAM
HO HUM
CHURCHY!
DAGBLAG THAT DADSNAGGED OL' POLL-TAKIN' CAT PLAYIN' DOG-IN-THE-MANGER OF MY OWN HOUSE!
KNOCK KNOCK
CHURCHY

ANYBODY HOME?
YES! ME!
IF THIS IS THE WAY YOU TREAT AN INNOCENT POLL TAKER, I'M LEAVIN'!
HAH, YOU AIN'T SO INNOCENT, BASIL METABOLISM!
I AM SO INNOCENT!
YOU ARE NOT!
I AM I AM I AM! I AM INNOCENT!
HAH!
OF WHAT?

HO! I GUESS I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT WANTED! I'LL LEAVE... I'M GOIN'!
WELL, LEAVE THEN, BEFORE I...
BEFORE YOU WHAT?
SO YOU WANT TO FIND OUT, HUH? WELL!
I'M BUSY NOW... I'M LEAVIN' BUT I'LL BE BACK! YOU WAIT!
HO! HO! HO! HO! IT IS TO LAUGH.
AAHAH.. ..YOU.. YOU.
WHY, YOU... ..YOU... YOU....
WELL, I GUESS I
SHOWED HIM!

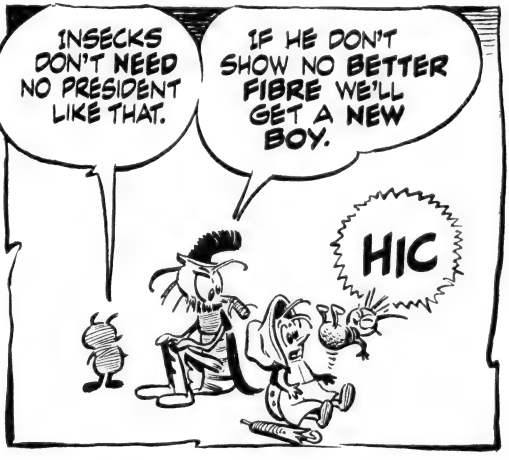
WHOLE SPEECH AT HALF PRICE

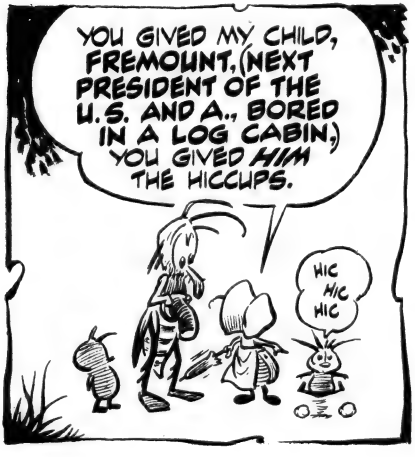
SORRY I SAID FREMOUNT'S WORD, 'STEAD OF OL' FREMOUNT SAYIN' IT.
ME, TOO.. IT JES' MADE HIM BELLER AND WAWL.
SNIMF
ON T'OTHER HAND, WHAT KIND OF A CANDIDATE IS IT WHAT STARTS CRYIN' WHEN YOU ASK HIM A QUESTION?
DEPENDS ON THE CALIBRE OF THE MUZZLE-LOADIN' QUESTION.
SNIF
S'POSE YOU SAYS WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LOOT, NOOT, AN' HE BUSTS OUT BAWLIN'?
WELL, IT'D BE A LIL' RELIEF FROM HIM ONLY SAYIN' THAT OTHER THING ... YOU KNOW... J-E-S..
SNIF
Y'MEAN "JES' FINE?"
WHOO HOO HUP HUP HUP HUP
THERE HE GO AGAIN!
HEIGHDY, MR. WASP! HEIGHDY, MIZ BEETLE! HEIGHDY, OL' FREMOUNT!
HOWDY, OL' FLEA... FREMOUNT BEEN BLUBBERIN' 'CAUSE WE USED HIS WORDS.
SNIF
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? THEY'S A PLENTY WORDS ... AN' YOU CAN USE SOME OF 'EM OVER AGAIN.
OL' FREMOUNT USES 'EM OVER OKAY, BUT HE AIN'T GOT BUT TWO.
SNIF


WHAT IS THEY?
WE DASSENT TELL··· IT'LL SET HIM TO CATTERY-WAWLIN'.
YEH, LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT! HOW WAS THINGS IN THE D.C. PRIMARIES?
SNUF

OH··· YOU KNOW, JES' FINE.
WOW
IT'S DID AGAIN!
H
O
O

I DUNNO··· ANY CANDIDATE THAT GOES AROUND BLUBBERIN' JES' 'CAUSE SOMEBODY SAID HIS WORDS AIN'T MY IDEA OF PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER.
THERE THERE


INSECKS DON'T NEED NO PRESIDENT LIKE THAT.
IF HE DON'T SHOW NO BETTER FIBRE WE'LL GET A NEW BOY.
HIC


YOU GIVED MY CHILD, FREMOUNT, (NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. AND A., BORED IN A LOG CABIN,) YOU GIVED HIM THE HICCUPS.
HIC HIC HIC

HEIGHDY, MIZ WEEVIL··· OL' FREMOUNT GOT A NEW SPEECH.
BURN MY TAR!
SH! THEY'S A LOT IN WHAT HE SAY.
HIC HOOP A HOOPA HIC HIC HOOP HOC HIC HOOK HIC

OL' FREMOUNT'S MAKIN' HIS FIRST LONG POLITICAL SPEECH.
A-HIC HOOP A-HUPPA HIC HIC HIC HIC... OOK... HIC HIC
AN' HE DOIN' IT ENTIRE WITH HICCUPS.
I'VE HEARD COUGHIN' FITS WHAT HAD MORE SENSE IN 'EM.
HIC HIC HIC HIC
YEH, BUT IS YOU HEARD SPEECHIN' WHAT GOT MORE MOXIE?
WELL "UM.."
YEAH! MAYBE YOU DON'T GO 'LONG WITH HIS SENTIMENTS?
HIC HIC HIC HOOP HIC
ADMIT IT! YOU DON'T AGREE WITH HIM SO YOU KNOCKS HIM.
OH, NO! I.."UH.." GOSH "I...
WHY NOT APPLAUD A LI'L? TO SHOW GOOD FAITH.
MUS' I CHEER?
HIC HIC HIC HIC HIC A-HOOP WOOP HIC
POGO, I COME OVER ON ACCOUNT OF THE SIN AND SHAME OF IT ALL.
H'LO, FLEA, WHAT SIN AN' SHAME OF WHAT ALL?
THEM BEETLES! RUNNIN' FREMOUNT FOR A CANDIDATE WHEN ALL'S HE CAN SAY IS "JES' FINE" AND A HANDFUL OF HICCUPS.
HICCUPS?

"JES' FINE" AN' HICCUPS IS HIS WHOLE LOVIN' VOCABULARY.
NO SNEEZES? NO GRUNTS? NO GROANS, NO SCREAMS OF ANGUISH?

"JES' FINE" AN' JES' HICCUPS.
I DUNNO ... HOW'S THIS BOY GONNA HOLD OFFICE IF HE CAN'T GRUNT, GROAN OR SCREAM?

LIKE I TOLE YOU, FREMONT IS MERE HICCUPPIN' AN' SAYIN' "JES' FINE"... CALL THAT A PLATFORM?

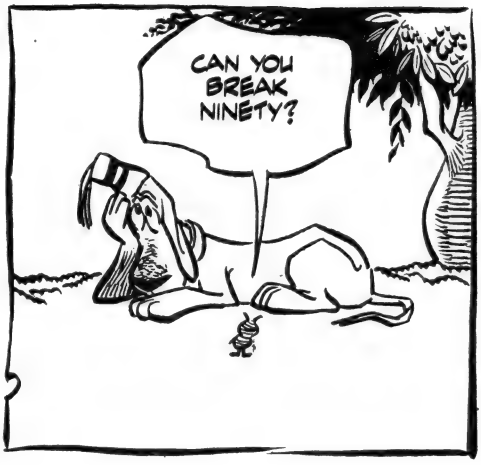
WHY AIN'T HE FACIN' THE ISSUES OF THE DAY?
WULL, HE'S HICCUPPIN'.

THAT MERE MEANS SOMETHIN' DON'T AGREE WITH HIM ... IT DON'T MEAN HE DON'T AGREE WITH ANYTHING ... HE KEEPS SAYIN' "JES' FINE!"

MAYBE HE AGREES WITH EVERYTHING ... MAYBE HE THINKS BOTH SIDES IS RIGHT ALL THE TIME.
NO WONDER HE'S SICK TO THE STOMACH.

ACTUALLY, POGO, I COME DOWN HERE REPRESENTIN' ABOUT 10,000,000,000 FLEAS...
US FLEAS FIGGER WE GOT THE VOTE AN' WE WANT TO BE SEATED AT ANY AN' ALL CONVENTIONS.
TEN BILLION SEATS?
OTHERWISE WE'LL START OUR OWN RUMP CONVENTION AN' CHOOSE OUR OWN HOST BODY...
H'LO?
HI, BEAUREGARD
H'LO, DOLL...
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' AROUND CONVENTION TIME?
IF US FLEAS, TEN BILLION STRONG, SAYS THE WORD, YOU CAN GO INTO THE WHITE HOUSE.
I AIN'T GOT NO PRESIDENTIAL QUALIFICATIONS.
WODDYA MEAN..? YOU AIN'T AFEARD TO APPEAR ON T.V.? NO... YOU CAN PARRY AND THRUST WITTILY AT A PRESS CONFERENCE?
NATCH

YOU CAN EXCHANGE BARBS INNERNATIONALLY…? SET A GOOD TABLE WHEN YOU PLAYS HOST? WING FROM CONFERENCE TO CONFERENCE LIKE A GULL?
I COULD LEARN.


CAN YOU BREAK NINETY?

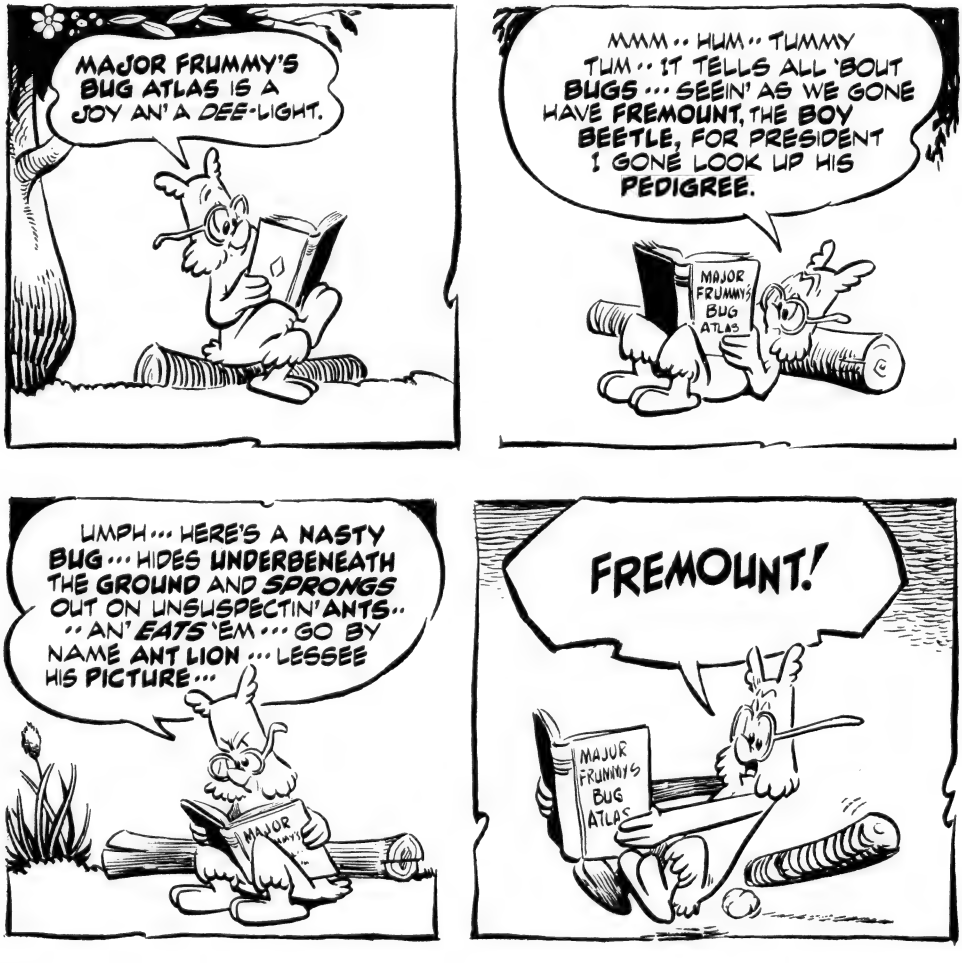
I BELIEVE IF I WAS TO BE PRESIDENT I'D MAKE A NEW GAME POPULAR 'STEAD OF GOLF.
DOMINOES?

OO··HA··HA···GUESS AGAIN
CHECKERS?
TIDDLYWINKS?
HIDE-AN'-GO-SEEK?
DICE?
PINOCHLE?
HOP-SCOTCH?
SPIN-THE-BOTTLE?
POST OFFICE?

NO··· NONE OF THEM··· LISTEN··· SPSSST·· WSPER ···SPTSSS··TSSS···

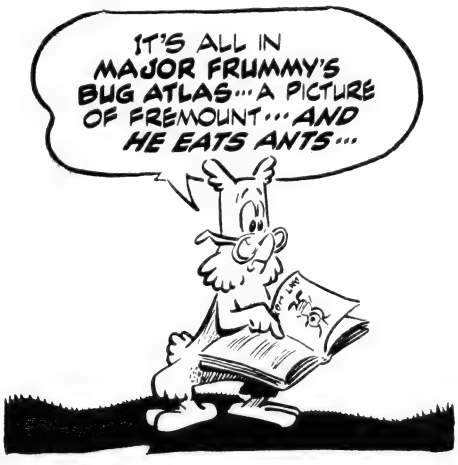
WHAT? HOW WOULD THAT LOOK? YOU AND THE WHOLE CABINET OUT CHASIN' AUTOMOBILES?
PERTY SPORTY, EH?

THE SHOCK OF TRUTH

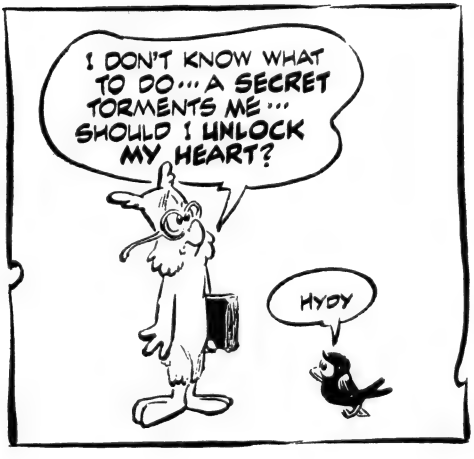

MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS IS A JOY AN' A DEE-LIGHT.
MMM.. HUM.. TUMMY TUM.. IT TELLS ALL 'BOUT BUGS... SEEIN' AS WE GONE HAVE FREMOUNT, THE BOY BEETLE, FOR PRESIDENT I GONE LOOK UP HIS PEDIGREE.
MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS
UMPH... HERE'S A NASTY BUG... HIDES UNDERBENEATH THE GROUND AND SPRONGS OUT ON UNSUSPECTIN' ANTS.. .. AN' EATS 'EM... GO BY NAME ANT LION... LESSEE HIS PICTURE...
FREMOUNT!
MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS

FREMOUNT IS A CANNIBAL.

HE'S NOT A BEETLE ATALL ... HE'S A SNEAKY OL' ANT LION WHAT BURRIES UNDER-GROUND AN' SPRONGS OUT AT ANTS...
MAJOR FRUMM BUG ATLAS

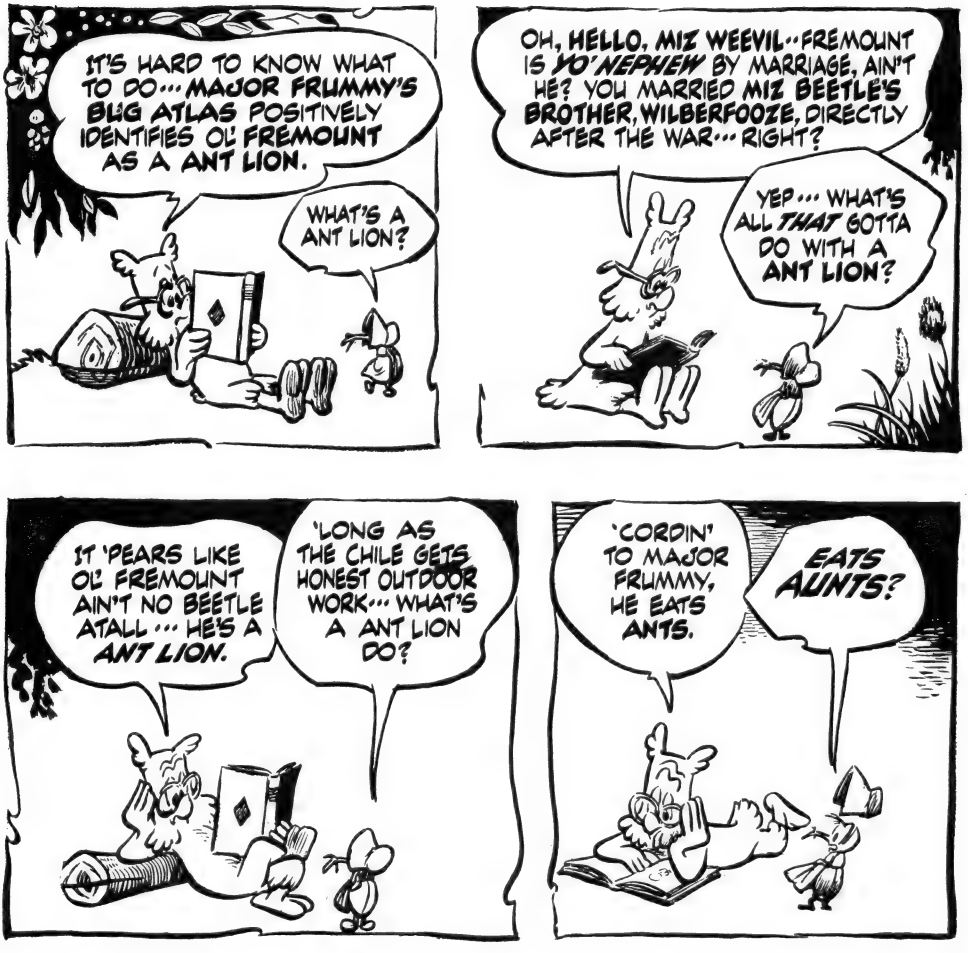

IT'S ALL IN MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS... A PICTURE OF FREMOUNT... AND HE EATS ANTS...

HOW KIN WE ELECT FREMOUNT? THERE HE'D BE AT A INNERNATIONAL DINNER... KHRUSHCHEV REACHES FOR THE CAVIAR... AND OUR PRESIDENT SAYS, "PLEASE PASS THE..." OOG!
MAJOR FRUMM'S BUG ATLAS


I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO... A SECRET TORMENTS ME... SHOULD I UNLOCK MY HEART?
HYDY

WILD HORSES COULDN'T DRAG IT OUT OF ME!
THE SECRET THAT FREMOUNT IS *MASQUERADIN'* AS A BEETLE AND IS REALLY A **CANNIBAL ANT LION** IS ***LOCKED*** IN MY BOSOM
WHY HURT THE KID'S CHANCES TO BE PRESIDENT? **HOW MANY PEOPLE** CAN HE EAT IF HE DON'T HAVE **CONGRESS** WITH HIM?
I KNOW A SECRET.
AND *I* GOT TROUBLES OF MY OWN.

THE CANNY-BALLISTICS OF POLITICS


IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHAT TO DO... MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS POSITIVELY IDENTIFIES OL' FREMOUNT AS A ANT LION.
WHAT'S A ANT LION?
OH, HELLO, MIZ WEEVIL.. FREMOUNT IS YO' NEPHEW BY MARRIAGE, AIN'T HE? YOU MARRIED MIZ BEETLE'S BROTHER, WILBERFOOZE, DIRECTLY AFTER THE WAR... RIGHT?
YEP... WHAT'S ALL THAT GOTTA DO WITH A ANT LION?
IT 'PEARS LIKE OL' FREMOUNT AIN'T NO BEETLE ATALL... HE'S A ANT LION.
'LONG AS THE CHILE GETS HONEST OUTDOOR WORK... WHAT'S A ANT LION DO?
'CORDIN' TO MAJOR FRUMMY, HE EATS ANTS.
EATS AUNTS?

THAT'S A PICTURE OF FREMOUNT, OKAY! YOU SAY THE BOOK SAYS HE EATS AUNTS? WHAT KIND? PERSONAL OR PUBLIC?
ANY KIND... HE'S A ANT LION... HIDES UNDERBENEATH THE SAND, TRAPS THE ANT AN' DRINKS THE BLOOD!

BY JING! LAND SAKES! GOLLY MICKLE... FOOBASH! AND HERE WE WAS GONNA PUT THIS FELLOW IN THE WHITE HOUSE... A AUNT DRINKER!

IS YOU A AUNT OF ANYBODY...? THINK CLOSE NOW.
LI'L ROSCOE CALLS ME HIS AUNT 'CAUSE I LIVES NEXT DOOR BUT ACTUALLY, I IS A FELLA... ROSCOE DON'T MEAN NO HARM.

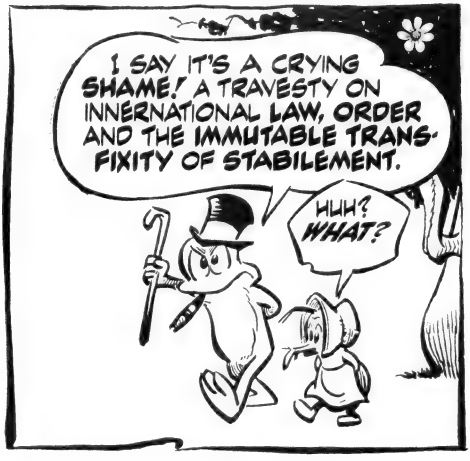
WELL, THERE IS A MONSTER LOOSE... WHAT DEE-YOURS ANY KIND AUNTS... SPREAD THE WORD.
WHAT SHE SAY, AUNT BIRDIE? WHAT THE LADY SAY?
STOP CALLIN' ME AUNT BIRDIE!

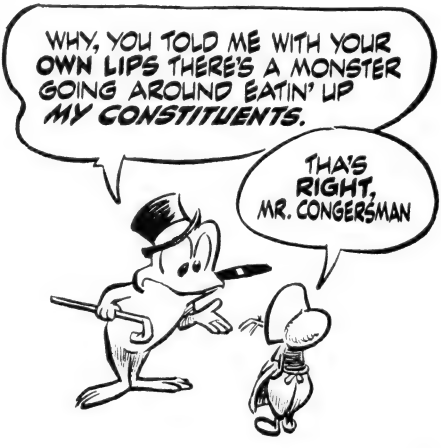
WELL, WELL! MY FAVORITE CONSTITUENT! MIZ EVERLOVIN' WEEVIL, BLESS MY EYES!
HEIGHDY, MR. CONGERSMAN.. WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GUMMINT COMIN' TO?

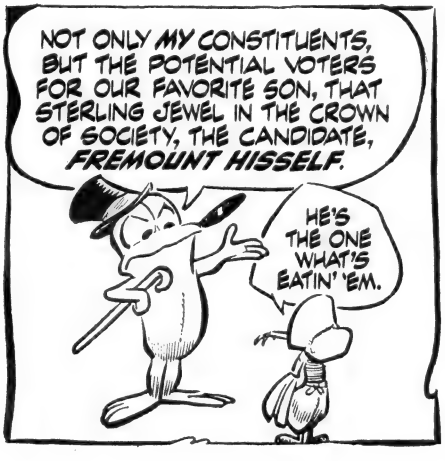
HO HO HO! NO TECHNICAL QUESTIONS, NOW! WHO KNOWS WHAT THEM RASCALS IN POWER WILL DO? US OL' WEEVILS GOTTA STICK TOGETHER!
I'M SKEERED... I'M A AUNT.

IS THAT A FACT! SHO' NUFF? MY GOOD LORRY BEANSTALK... I'M A AUNT, TOO! US AUNTS GOTTA STICK TOGETHER.
WELL, THERE'S A MONSTER GOIN' AROUND EATIN' AUNTS.

EATIN' YOU AUNTS!? LAURA MERCY! US UNCLES WILL HAFTA LOOK INTO THIS.

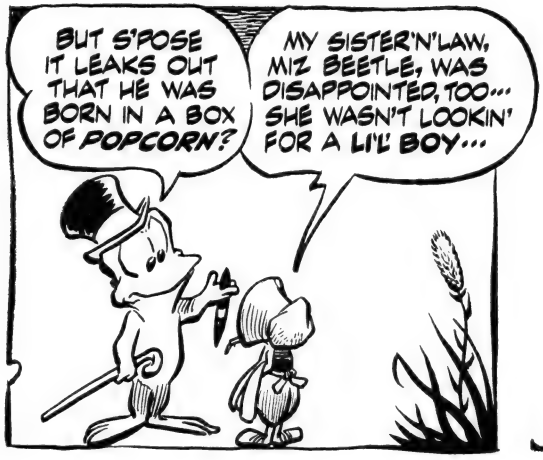

I SAY IT'S A CRYING SHAME! A TRAVESTY ON INNERNATIONAL LAW, ORDER AND THE IMMUTABLE TRANS-FIXITY OF STABILEMENT.
HUH? WHAT?


WHY, YOU TOLD ME WITH YOUR OWN LIPS THERE'S A MONSTER GOING AROUND EATIN' UP MY CONSTITUENTS.
THA'S RIGHT, MR. CONGERSMAN


NOT ONLY MY CONSTITUENTS, BUT THE POTENTIAL VOTERS FOR OUR FAVORITE SON, THAT STERLING JEWEL IN THE CROWN OF SOCIETY, THE CANDIDATE, FREMOUNT HISSELF.
HE'S THE ONE WHAT'S EATIN' 'EM.

FREMOUNT!? THE CANDIDATE IS EATIN' UP THE VOTERS? WHY, THAT STERLING GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN' JEWEL IN THE CROWN OF SOCIETY AIN'T GOT THE POLITICAL SAVVY OF A WARTHOG.
HE'S A HUNGRY ONE.

MIZ WEEVIL, YOU KNOW ME, AS YOUR CONGERSMAN I SAY US WEEVILS GOTTA STICK TOGETHER... HOW COME OL' FREMOUNT, THE CANDIDATE, IS A ANT LION?
BY BIRTH
BUT I THUNK HE WAS A BEETLE, THE CHILD OF YOUR SISTER-AN'-LAW.
WE THUNK SO TOO... DIN'T QUITE NOTICE THE DIFFERNTS IN THE MODEL.
BUT A MAMMY'S EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED HEART KIN TELL HER OWN CHILD, NO DOUBTS?
BUT FREMOUNT IS WATCHA MAY CALL A FOUNDLIN'.
LAURA MERCY! WHAT KIND OF A FOUNDLIN'?
MIZ BEETLE FOUND HIM IN A BOX OF POPCORN... A KIND OF A PRIZE, YOU MIGHT SAY.
HOO BOY! THIS NEWS IS GOIN' TO PUT A NUMBER "A" CRIMP INTO THE CONVENTION... THE PARTY IS RUINED.
YOU MEAN THE FACT THAT FREMOUNT IS ACTUALLY A BLOODTHIRSTY ANT LION?
NO... THAT WE CAN HUSH UP... OR CLAIM HE'S CHANGED HIS WAYS...


BUT S'POSE IT LEAKS OUT THAT HE WAS BORN IN A BOX OF POPCORN?
MY SISTER'N'LAW, MIZ BEETLE, WAS DISAPPOINTED, TOO... SHE WASN'T LOOKIN' FOR A LI'L' BOY...

WHEN SHE OPENED UP THE BOX SHE WAS HOPIN' FOR A WHISTLE...
GADS

HOW'D THE PARTY EVER GET ITSELF OVER A BARREL BY GOIN' FOR FREMOUNT?
ON ACCOUNT OF HIS SPEECH... HE SAID THINGS WAS "JES' FINE".

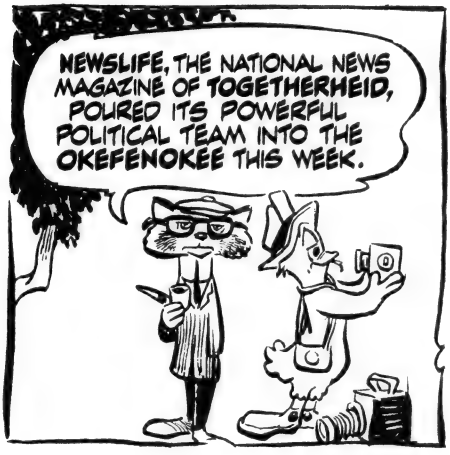
I HAVE TO ADMIT THE FORCE AND LOGIC THAT SURGE ALONG BEHIND SUCH STIRRING ELOQUENCE... MIND YOU, I'M NOT FAULTING HIM ON THINK-TYPE THOUGHT THERE.

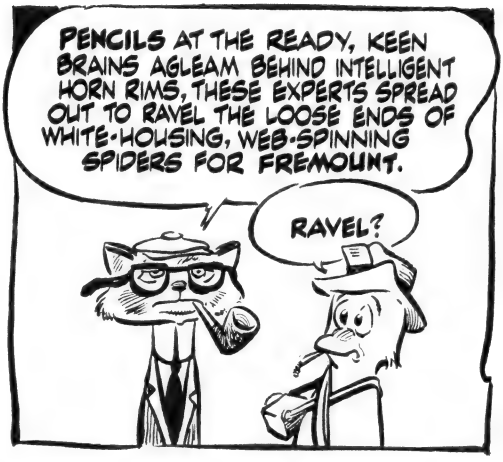
NO... AND I BELIEVE WE CAN COVER UP THE FACT THAT HE'S A CANNIBAL... ER.. I MEAN, HAS STRANGE DIETARY HABITS...

BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA FACE THE ROYAL LADIES OF THE FLAG SOCIETY WITH A CANDIDATE BORN IN A BOX OF POPCORN?
WE COULD SAY IT WAS A FOURTH OF JULY BOX... THAT'D BE NICE.

NO NEWS IS GOOD

THIS WEEK EAGER-EYED, EXPERT NEWSLIFE STAFFERS INVADE POLITICAL HOT SPOT OF NATION, THE WATCHED-POT BOIL OF THE OKEFENOKEE.
NO JOHNNIES-COME-LATELY THEY, SMART AND ALERT, BACKED BY JAM-PACKED RESEARCH REPORTS, THEIR PENETRATING, PIN-POINTED, PENCIL-KEEN ANALYSIS WILL ....
WILL WHAT?
A PHOTO MAN, YOU, LEAVE THE PARRY AND PROBE OF POLITICAL PARSING TO RAZOR-SHARP WRITERS.
SAY THAT AGAIN... I'D LIKE TO TRY FOR A SHOT OF IT.
LET'S NOT BE TOO FEVER-EYED, HIGH-DOMED AND BEAVER-TAILED.

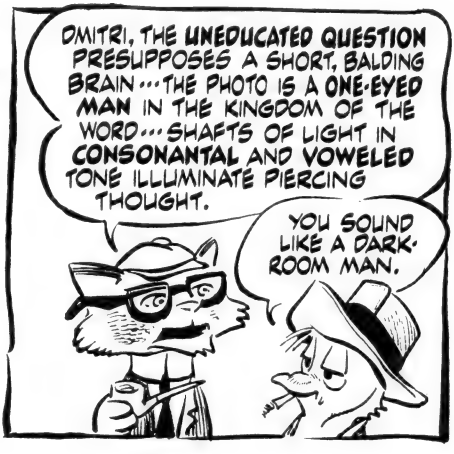

NEWSLIFE, THE NATIONAL NEWS MAGAZINE OF TOGETHERHEID, POURED ITS POWERFUL POLITICAL TEAM INTO THE OKEFENOKEE THIS WEEK.


PENCILS AT THE READY, KEEN BRAINS AGLEAM BEHIND INTELLIGENT HORN RIMS, THESE EXPERTS SPREAD OUT TO RAVEL THE LOOSE ENDS OF WHITE-HOUSING, WEB-SPINNING SPIDERS FOR FREMOUNT.
RAVEL?

RAVEL
YOU MEAN UN-RAVEL.

LET'S LOOK AT THE NEWSLIFE STYLE BOOK... CRISP, CURT, CLEAR... IT SAYS USE TIDY-UP, TRIM-UP, POLICE-UP.
NEATIFY, CODIFY AND SYNTAGMATIZE.
WHAT HAPPENED TO RAVEL AND UNRAVEL?
STYLE

AS WEEK'S END NEARED, A NEAT, SHARP-STYLED WRITER FOR NEWSLIFE, THE NATIONAL NEWS MAGAZINE FOR TOGETHERHEID, GATHERED HIS WELL-OILED WITS.
YOU EVER TAKE UP CAMERA WORK?


DMITRI, THE UNEDUCATED QUESTION PRESUPPOSES A SHORT, BALDING BRAIN... THE PHOTO IS A ONE-EYED MAN IN THE KINGDOM OF THE WORD... SHAFTS OF LIGHT IN CONSONANTAL AND VOWELED TONE ILLUMINATE PIERCING THOUGHT.
YOU SOUND LIKE A DARK-ROOM MAN.

RICH IN ORGAN NOTES ARE THE WORDS OF THE WINGED MIND... NEW TIMES, NEW STYLES, NEW POLITICAL MAKESHIFTS DEMAND NEW WORDS... ONE POSSIBILITY AT WEEK'S CLOSE WAS...
WAS WHAT?
OMITRI, THE UNERRING ACCURACY OF THE BLUNT THUMB HAS LED YOU TO THE CRUX... WHAT'S THE WORD? NEW, BITTER, BITING? HEAVEN, AT PRESS TIME, NO ONE KNOWS BUT.
YOU SURE YOU WOULDN'T RATHER PUT THIS ALL ON FILM?
BEIN' A POLL-TAKER CAN BE PRETTY UN-REWARDIN'... NOBODY ROUND HERE WANTS HIS POLL TOOK.
WELL, WELL! WHOM DO WE HAVE HERE? A MEMBER OF THE KLOO KLUCK-HEADED KLOWNS?
NOSSIR.. THAT THERE IS FREMOUNT HISSELF WITH A BAG OVER HIS HEAD FOR THE HICCUPS.
HIC
HIC
HUM... WELL, I'M A PULSE TAKER OF THE PUBLIC ...AND...
IF YOU WANT FREMOUNT'S PULSE, ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS HE'S HICCIN' AT A STEADY 89 PER MINUTE.
HIC
HIC
IS FREMOUNT GONNA LEAVE THAT BAG OVER HIS HEAD IF HE'S ELECTED?
IT MIGHT PAY... BUT WE'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE COME TO IT.
HIC
HIC

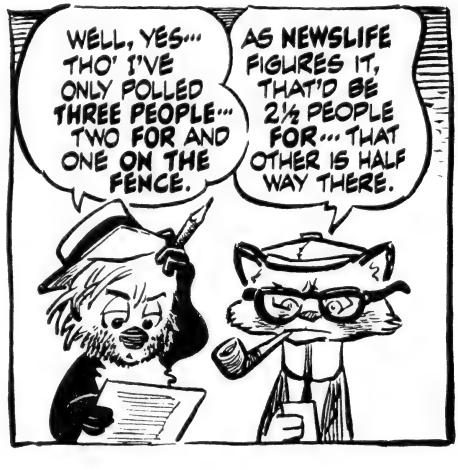
ALL'S I CAN SAY IS BEIN' A POLL TAKER IS HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT I GOTTA TAKE THE POLL OF A MAN WITH A BAG OVER HIS HEAD.
BUT HE SOMEHOW GOTTA GET CURED OF THEM HICCUPS.
HIC
WHY DON'T I JES' KINDA LIFT A CORNER OF THE BAG AN' SLIP A QUICK QUESTION UNDER THERE?
YOU WON'T GET BUT ONE ANSWER OR T'OTHER... HE MIGHT SAY "JES' FINE"...
HIC
AN' THE OTHER ONE WOULD BE...
HIC
I KNOW THE OTHER ONE... I GOT IT RIGHT IN THE EYE...
OH, HE'S A TIGER WHEN IT COME TO HICCUPPIN'.
HIC
PHOTO OF THE WEEK: EX-CANDIDATE, POGO, BASKS IN SLEEPY SWAMP. HIS FIRST WORD AN INQUIRING "HELLO?"
IS THAT POGO...? HE'S AGED.
I'M NOT POGO... WHO ARE YOU TWO?
HIC

AT START OF WEEK A DEAD-PAN DENIAL OF IDENTITY FROM POGO STARTLED A SUN-BESET OKEFENOKEE... WHERE'S THE REAL CANDIDATE WAS ONE IMMEDIATE QUESTION.
FREMOUNT? THE CANDIDATE'S IN THE BAG.
ALREADY?
HIC
HIC

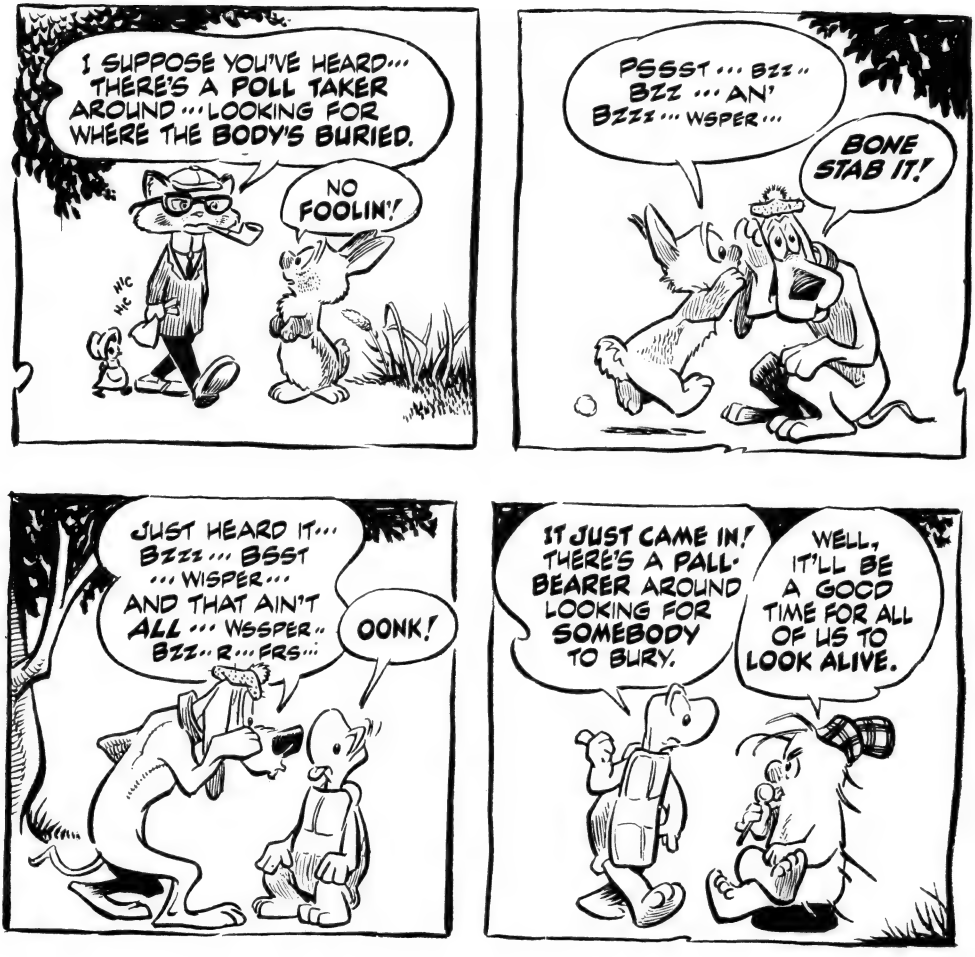
YOU GOT ME WRONG, FRIEND, I'M A POLL-TAKER... NOT A 'POSSUM.
AND WHICH WAY POLLS THE SWAMP?

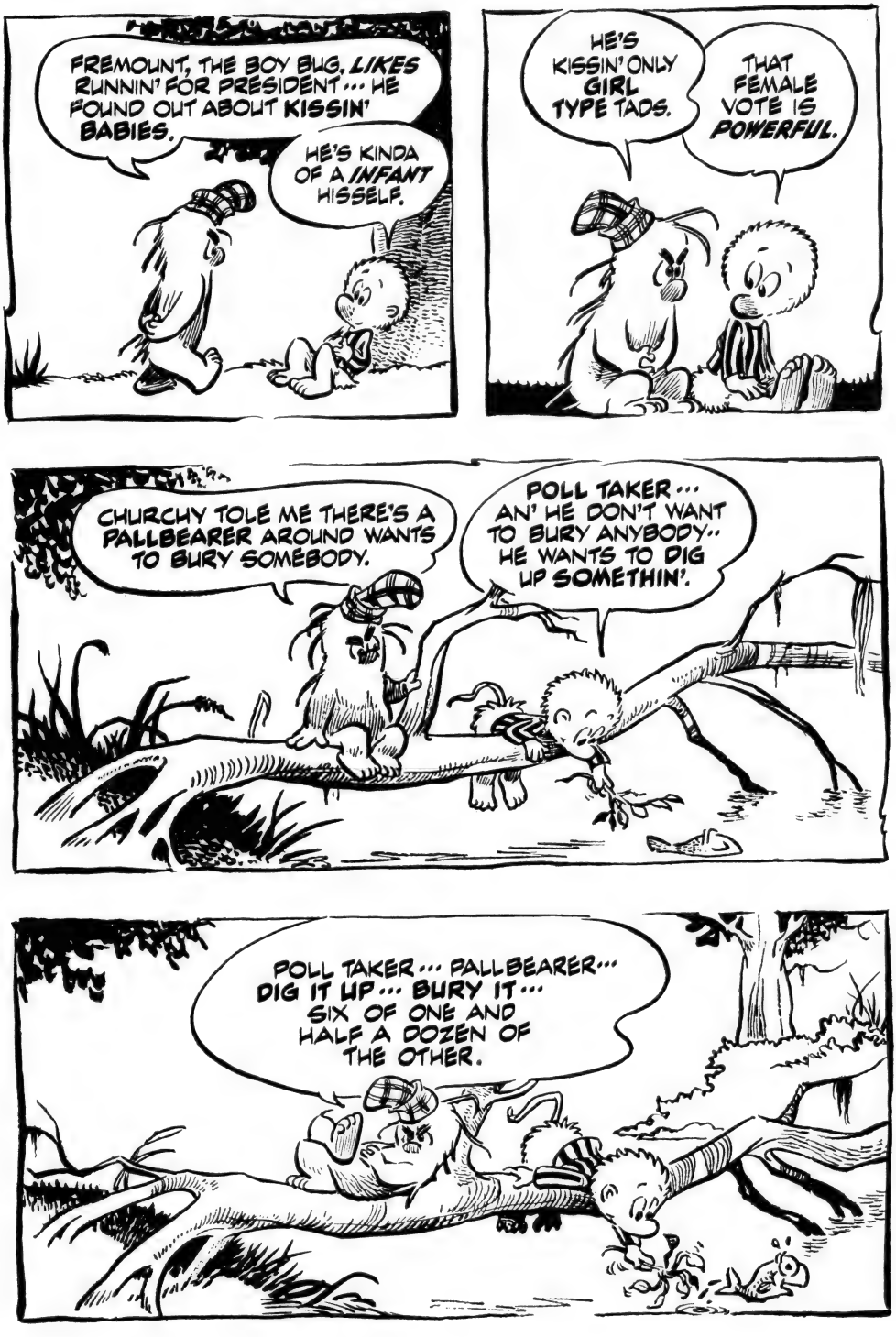
A LANDSLIDE FOR FREMOUNT, A TIDAL WAVE... A SURGE.
A GRASS ROOTS WILD-FIRE, WOULD YOU SAY?

NOT SO SURE IF IT RATES THAT YET, BUT IT'S UP THERE... A ROCKET BLAST.
WOULD YOU SAY IT WAS AN AVALANCHE OF DEEP DOWN SENTIMENT?


WELL, YES... THO' I'VE ONLY POLLED THREE PEOPLE... TWO FOR AND ONE ON THE FENCE.
AS NEWSLIFE FIGURES IT, THAT'D BE 2½ PEOPLE FOR... THAT OTHER IS HALF WAY THERE.

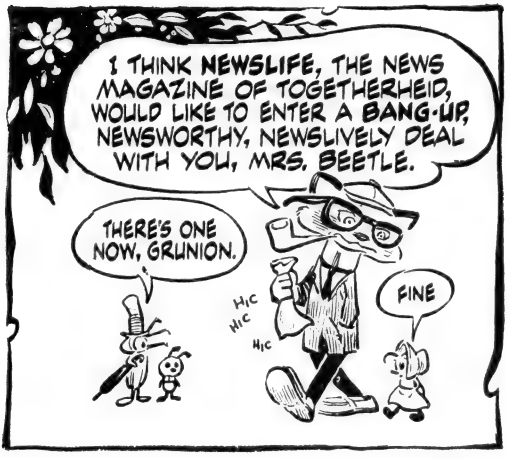
OUT OF A GRAVE SITUATION


I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD... THERE'S A POLL TAKER AROUND... LOOKING FOR WHERE THE BODY'S BURIED.
NO FOOLIN'!
HIC HIC
PSSST... BZZ.. BZZ ... AN' BZZZ... WSPER...
BONE STAB IT!
JUST HEARD IT... BZZZ... BSST ... WISPER... AND THAT AIN'T ALL ... WSSPER.. BZZ.. R... FRS...
OONK!
IT JUST CAME IN! THERE'S A PALL-BEARER AROUND LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY TO BURY.
WELL, IT'LL BE A GOOD TIME FOR ALL OF US TO LOOK ALIVE.


FREMOUNT, THE BOY BUG, LIKES RUNNIN' FOR PRESIDENT... HE FOUND OUT ABOUT KISSIN' BABIES.
HE'S KINDA OF A INFANT HISSELF.
HE'S KISSIN' ONLY GIRL TYPE TADS.
THAT FEMALE VOTE IS POWERFUL.
CHURCHY TOLE ME THERE'S A PALLBEARER AROUND WANTS TO BURY SOMEBODY.
POLL TAKER... AN' HE DON'T WANT TO BURY ANYBODY.. HE WANTS TO DIG UP SOMETHIN'.
POLL TAKER... PALLBEARER... DIG IT UP... BURY IT... SIX OF ONE AND HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

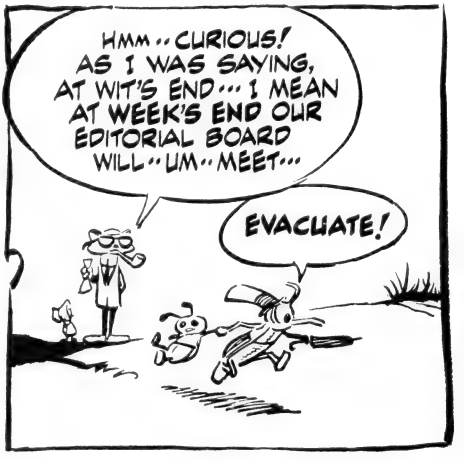
THE PROPOSAL OF THE PROPOSAL

I'LL JUST LET THE CANDIDATE STAY INSIDE THE SACK, MRS. BEETLE··· IT MIGHT CURE HIS HICCUPS.
YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. NEWSLIFE, WE CAN'T PUT A HIC INTO THE WHITE HOUSE.
HIC HIC
THAT'S RICH
RICH WHO?
HIC
I MEAN IT WAS DROLL··· AMUSING··BITING WIT.
BITING WIT WHAT···? HE AIN'T GOT NO TEETH.
HIC HIC
SAY! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO WRITE FOR THE MAGAZINE?
HONEY, I COULDN'T SPELL MY WAY THROUGH A BOOK OF CIGARETTE PAPERS.
HIC HIC


I THINK NEWSLIFE, THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF TOGETHERHEID, WOULD LIKE TO ENTER A BANG-UP, NEWSWORTHY, NEWSLIVELY DEAL WITH YOU, MRS. BEETLE.
THERE'S ONE NOW, GRUNION.
HIC HIC HIC
FINE

YES, INDEED.. AT WEEK'S END OUR EDITORIAL BOARD MEETS.
A WATCHMAKER CARRYING HIS WARES... ASK HIM IF YOU CAN SEE THE TICKER, BELMORE.
SIR... OH, SIR!
HIC HIC

CAN YOU WHAT?... OH? NO, THIS IS NOT A WATCH TICKING, SONNY.
A MAD BOMBER!
HIC HIC HIC


HMM.. CURIOUS! AS I WAS SAYING, AT WIT'S END... I MEAN AT WEEK'S END OUR EDITORIAL BOARD WILL.. UM.. MEET...
EVACUATE!

UP-COMING THIS WEEK IS A PROPOSAL FROM ME TO YOU, MRS. BEETLE.
OH, MISTER NEWSLIFE. SO SUDDEN!
HIC HIC

THE WEB OF WEDDING I SPIN NOT, MADAM.. SAVE IN THE PROXY.... BUT WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF MARRYING FREMOUNT?
MARRY MY OWN CHILD?
HIC HIC

I DON'T MEAN YOU.. I MEAN TO MARRY HIM TO SOMEONE ALREADY IN THE WHITE HOUSE TO INSURE HE GOES IN... (HEREDITY-WISE.)
WELL... UM... MRS. DAVIS IS TOOK BY JEFF... AN'... UM...
HIC

YOU CAN LEAVE THAT DETAIL TO ME, MRS. BEETLE... I'LL ARRANGE ALL IN EXCHANGE FOR EXCLUSIVE PICTURES.
MM.. WELL, I GOT A EXCLUSIVE PICTURE ...ME AN' UNCLE FROD AN' ONE OF MY MA'S HEN HOUSE AN'... UM...
HIC

IN THE BAG MAY BE THE NEXT CHIEF.. A WEDDING TO ONE OF OFFICIALDOM'S FAMILY WILL ASSURE CERTAINTY.
I ALLUS HOPED FREMOUNT WOULD HAVE A BIG WEDDING.
HIC
HIC

AN UP-JUMP POLL-WISE FROM LOCAL ACCLAIM TO NATION-WIDE, WORLDWIDE AFFECTION WOULD BE MAIN RESULT OF ROMANCE.
IT MAKES ME THINK.
HIC

FOR EXCLUSIVE PICTURE RIGHTS, TRIP TO HONEY-MOON ISLE (FREE) WE CAN ARRANGE ALL.
MMM... CANDY!

STOP! YOU'LL EAT THE KID!
WHAT?! AN' CATCH THE HICCUPS...? NOT ME!
HIC
HIC
HIC
HIC
HIC
HIC
HIC

THE CONFOUNDLING

YOU HEARD THAT FREMOUNT IS REALLY A ANT LION, MR. CONGERSMAN?
IT'S A SAD BLOW TO THE PARTY JUST AT A TIME WHEN US OWLS MUST STICK TOGETHER.
WORST PART IS, MRS. WEEVIL SAYS HER SISTER-AN'-LAW FOUND THE CANDIDATE IN A BOX OF POPCORN.
AIN'T IT WORSE TO BE A CANNIBAL THAN A FOUNDLING?
WE CAN SAY HE'S CHANGED HIS HABITS! BUT A FAMILY TREE LOOKS BAD SPROUTIN' OUT OF POPCORN... WHAT WILL THE ROYAL LADIES OF THE FLAG SAY?
OH, HE'LL CHANGE, OKAY... INTO A ADULT ANT LION WHAT EATS OTHERS AT NIGHT!
'LONG AS HE EATS PEOPLE AFTER DARK WHO'S TO KNOW...? BUT HOW'LL WE EXPLAIN THE POPCORN?

A PUBLIC OFFICE IS A PUBLIC TRUST... HOW CAN THE PUBLIC TRUST A MAN WHAT EATS THEM? IT'S DECEITFUL!
YOU SAID HE'D CHANGE.
MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS SAYS THE ANT LION LARVA CHANGES INTO A WINGED FLY ... BUT IT STILL EATS OTHER BUGS.
I GUESS YOU DEVELOP A SWEET TOOTH THAT WAY, IT'S HARD TO BREAK.
THING IS THE PARTY... OUR REPUTATION IS AT STAKE... LATER WE CAN SAY FREMOUNT'S A CHANGED MAN AND, BEIN' THE FIRST NOMINEE WITH BONA FIDE WINGS, HE'LL BE A AVIATION EXPERT.
BUT HE'LL DEVOUR THE COUNTRY.
MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS
ONE THING AT A TIME... FIRST WE'LL SAVE THE PARTY ...THEN WE'LL GIVE THE COUNTRY SOME ATTENTION.
NOW, MY PLAN... THAT IS, NEWSLIFE'S PLAN, WILL BE TO MARRY FREMOUNT OFF TO A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL, THAT IS, OFFICIAL FAMILY...
HIC
THAT'LL BE NICE.
I B'LEEVE DEACON MUSHRAT WILL BE GLAD TO READ THE CEREMONY.
OH, ONE DETAIL TO BE PINPOINTED: NEWSLIFE PLANS TO SIGN THE BIG BOY AT THE TOP TO SPLICE THE HAPPY BUG-EYED COUPLE.

WHAT? THE ONE THAT'S OVER THE WHOLE.. UH...
YES, TO MAKE IT OFFICIAL... NOTHING'S OFFICIAL UNLESS WE GIVE IT THE NEWSLIFE OKAY AS HARD NEWS.
HIC
LAND! YOU MEAN YOU CAN GET ... YOU CAN GET...? MY!
OH, INDEED... RIGHT AFTER THE BOSS PUTS THE BOOK TO BED HE'LL COME DOWN FROM THE 267th FLOOR READY TO READ THE ... YES... WHAT?
I SAID: HEY THERE!
AT MIDWEEK THE CANDIDATE'S BAG-BOUND, CONGERSMAN.
WE BEEN BAGGED, ...THAT'S WHO! TURNS OUT HE AIN'T NO BEETLE... HE'S A ANT LION.
HIC
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT, MRS. BEETLE? IT DOESN'T CHECK WITH NEWSLIFE'S HIGHLY EXPENSIVE RESEARCH.
OH, DEAR, IT'S TRUE... IT'S TRUE... LI'L FREMOUNT IS A FOUNDLIN'.
HIC
NEWSLIFE HAS BEEN LED ASTRAY, A SACRILEGE... NO SON OF BEETLE, HE.
I FOUND FREMOUNT IN A BOX OF POPCORN... LIKE A SORT OF PRIZE, KINDA.
HIC
THIS IS A SERIOUS BREACH OF CONTRACT, MRS. BEETLE... I'M DISAPPOINTED.
SO WAS I... I WAS HOPIN' FOR A DIAMOND RING OR ANYWAYS A PITCH PIPE.
A PEACH PIE?

AN APPETITE FOR ONE'S FELLOW MAN

YOU HEAR ABOUT FREMOUNT?
I AN' POGO WAS JUS' SAYIN' WHAT A NICE FELLA HE IS...
YEP, I SAYS HE'S A CLEAN-CUT CHAP WHOM, STARTIN' AS PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. AND A., MAYBE WILL GO FAR IN DOMESTIC POLITICS.
HEAR HEAR
WELL, HE'S A IMPOSTOR.
A IMP... WHAT?
...OSTOR... HE'S A FREE-LOADIN' CANNIBALISTIC ANT LION DISGUISED AS A BEETLE.
WHAT'D I TELL YOU ABOUT THAT SNEAKY LOOK IN THE EYE?... AN' THAT SICKLY SMILE... AN' WATERY HAND-SHAKE... AN' NO TEETH...!? I TOLE YOU, I SAYS, THE BOY'S FISHY, I SAYS... YOU HEARD ME.
MAJOR FRUMMY'S BUG ATLAS

ALL OF A SUDDEN BOTH OF YOU IS WORRIED 'BOUT FREMOUNT BEIN' A CANNIBAL... IS HE EVER ET ANYBODY YOU KNOW?
FOR ALL YOU KNOW, NONE OF US MAY BE SAFE...
HE AIN'T NO MORE'N ME OR YOU A CANNIBAL... HE'S A GOOD LI'L SCAPER.
THE ROAD TO HADES IS PAVED WITH GOOD LI'L SCAPERS.
HE'S A ANT LION AND, AS SUCH, EATS ANTS... THINK OF THE SHORTAGE THERE MAY BE IN ANTS IF HE HAS HIS WAY... YOU'LL HAFTA TAKE YOUR OWN TO A PICNIC AN', WITH HELP SO HIGH, THINK OF INFLATION.
BUT MAYBE HE DON'T PRACTICE CANNIBALISM.
PRACTICE?! CANNIBALS EITHER DOES OR DON'T ...THEY DON'T NEED NO PRACTICE... NOT ON ME.
I'M AGAINST PEOPLE WHAT EATS OTHER PEOPLE...
BUT EVERYBODY EATS SOMEBODY ... YOU EATS HAM AN' EGGS ... WHERE D'YOU S'POSE HAM COMES FROM? WHERE DO EGGS COME FROM?
WELL... UM...

I ALWAYS CONSIDERED EGGS TO BE VEGETABLES.
YOU? ARE YOU A VEGETARIAN?
WHAT I IS DON'T MATTER. RELIGION AND POLITICS IS TWO DIFFER'NT THINGS.
ALL'S I CAN SAY IS IF FREMOUNT'S A CANNIBAL SO IS EVERYBODY.
NOT ME
WHAT D'YA MEAN? YOU EATS EGGS... AN' MANY A OWL IS STARTED OUT AS A EGG.
OH, I WOULDN'T EAT OWL EGGS.
GACK... NEITHER WOULD I!
YOU KNOW, IT'S CLEARHEADED, STRONG-MINDED, INTELLIGENT, COURAGEOUS OBSERVATIONS LIKE THAT WHAT STAMPS THE TRUE LEADER.

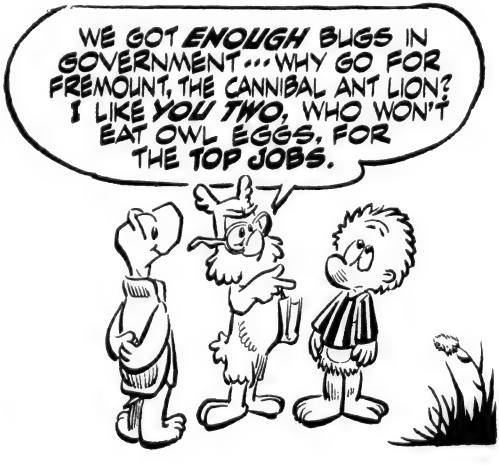
WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO DROWN POOR OWL?
I'M NOT... HE FELL OVERBOARD OF HIS OWN FREEHAND WILL.
YEH

MATTER OF FACT, POGO JUS' MADE A MOST STATESMANLIKE REMARK... HE SAID HE WOULDN'T THINK OF EATIN' A OWL EGG... ISN'T THAT FINE?

THINK OF IT? I WOULDN'T EVEN GO DREAM ABOUT IT.
ANOTHER CLEAR THINKER.

NOT UNLESS I WANTED THE NIGHTMARES.
'COURSE HE AIN'T AS STATESMANLIKE AS YOU.

PERSON'LY, I THINK ANYBODY WHAT COMES RIGHT OUT AND SWEARS OFF OWL EGGS IS GOT BONA FIDE PERSPICACITY.


WE GOT ENOUGH BUGS IN GOVERNMENT... WHY GO FOR FREMOUNT, THE CANNIBAL ANT LION? I LIKE YOU TWO, WHO WON'T EAT OWL EGGS, FOR THE TOP JOBS.

I WOULDN'T EVEN EAT A OWL... UGH!
UGH?

WHAT'S SO ALL FIRED UGH ABOUT IT? MAYBE THE COUNTRY DON'T NEED YOU.
ALL RIGHT... I WOULD EAT A OWL, THEN...
ENOUGH! ENOUGH!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OWL'S IDEA.. I'LL BE VICE-PRESIDENT... YOU BE PRESIDENT?
UM...

YOU FORGETS THE CARES OF OFFICE.
DON'T EVERYBODY?

IT'S YOUR PATRIOTIC DUTY TO RUN... YOU DIN'T GET ELECTED EITHER TIME BEFORE, DID YOU?
WULL... NO....

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF THEN? WITH THAT KIND OF LUCK YOU CAN DO IT AGAIN.

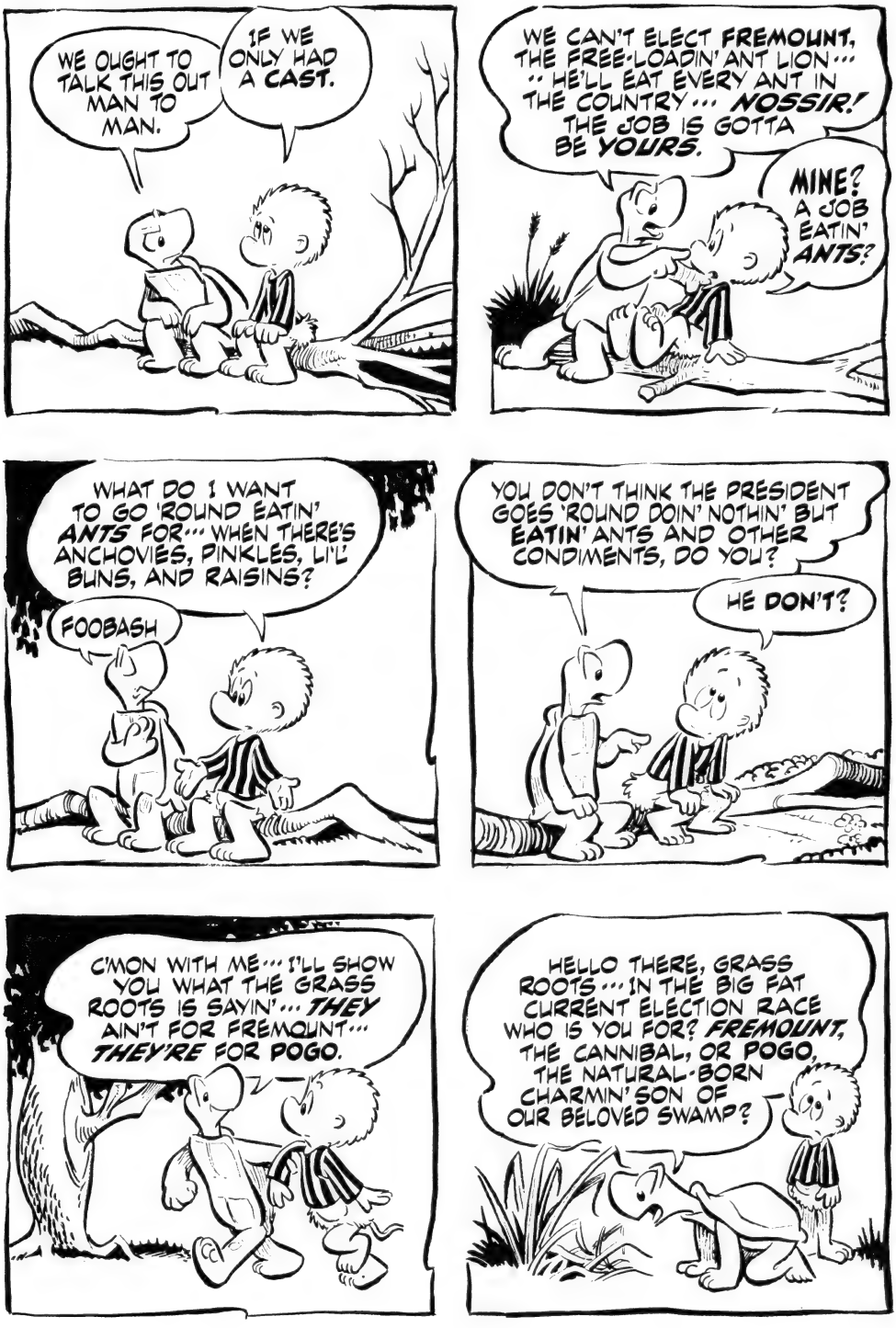
THE COLD PEACE

WE BEEN SETTIN' HERE TWO SOLID MONTHS AND YOU AIN'T COME UP WITH ONE PRESS RELEASE.
Rome WAS NOT BUILT in a DAY-- RELAX!
HOW LONG?
HOW Long is WHAT?
HOW LONG'D THEY TAKE TO BUILD ROME?
STARTING ON A RAINY SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN 753 B.C. THEY haven't FINISHED 'til YET!
WELL, WE BETTER SEND OUT FOR SANDWICHES AND SARSAPARILLA... YOU'RE GONNA BE THE NEW CHAMP.
MAKE mine LIVERWHIST .35¢ on RYE with a soupçon of MUSTARD.

WHAT YOU GOTTA DO AS A PRESS CHIEF FOR THE CANDIDATE IS SEND UP A TRIAL BALLOON.
SUCH as?
WELL... HOW ABOUT...
JES' FINE
JES' FINE
Dangerous WORK THEM LEAD ONES
PIP
I DUNNO... USUALLY IN THE POLITICAL WORD GAME THE BALLOONS ARE SO FULL OF HOT AIR THEY HAVE A KIND OF HOLIDAY BUOYANCY.

TICK TOCK IS CHEAP

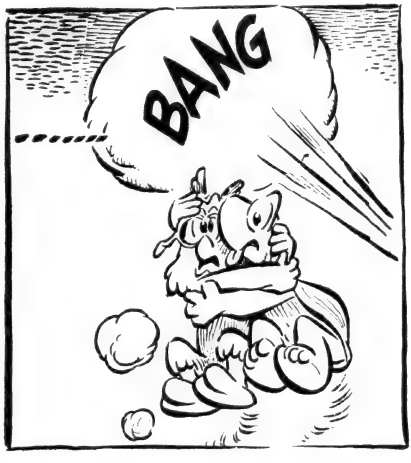
YOU HEARD WHAT OWL SAYS.. FREMOUNT IS A ANT LION... HE EATS ANTS.
HIS INSIDES MUST BE PERTY CRAWLY.
BUT WE CAN'T HAVE A PRESIDENT WHAT EATS ANTS.
WELL, HE'D BE PERTY BUSY IF HE DID.
IT'S THE IGNOBLENESS OF IT ALL...
BUT HE MAY GROW UP... HIS TASTE MAY CHANGE.
THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME... WHAT'LL HE EAT IF HE DOES GROW UP?
WHO KNOWS? ELEPHANTS, RHINOCERWURSTS, MAYBE BEARS.


WE OUGHT TO TALK THIS OUT MAN TO MAN.
IF WE ONLY HAD A CAST.
WE CAN'T ELECT FREMOUNT, THE FREE-LOADIN' ANT LION... .. HE'LL EAT EVERY ANT IN THE COUNTRY... NOSSIR! THE JOB IS GOTTA BE YOURS.
MINE? A JOB EATIN' ANTS?
WHAT DO I WANT TO GO 'ROUND EATIN' ANTS FOR... WHEN THERE'S ANCHOVIES, PINKLES, LI'L BUNS, AND RAISINS?
FOOBASH
YOU DON'T THINK THE PRESIDENT GOES 'ROUND DOIN' NOTHIN' BUT EATIN' ANTS AND OTHER CONDIMENTS, DO YOU?
HE DON'T?
C'MON WITH ME... I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT THE GRASS ROOTS IS SAYIN'... THEY AIN'T FOR FREMOUNT... THEY'RE FOR POGO.
HELLO THERE, GRASS ROOTS... IN THE BIG FAT CURRENT ELECTION RACE WHO IS YOU FOR? FREMOUNT, THE CANNIBAL, OR POGO, THE NATURAL-BORN CHARMIN' SON OF OUR BELOVED SWAMP?

I'M FOR ME... WIN, PLACE, SHOW OR WEASEL-OUT.
DID YOU EVER HEAR SUCH A SNAP JUDGEMENT IN ALL YOUR LIFE, POGO? ... UM?... POGO? HELLO?
I'M HERE TO TELL YOU I'M ALL IN FAVOR OF YOUR BIG IDEA ... WE'LL DUMP THAT FREMOUNT CANNIBAL AND RUN POGO FOR TOP DOG.
AND, DEAR OLD FRIEND, I GOT ANOTHER GREAT IDEA ... GUESS WHO WE CAN RUN FOR VICE-PRESIDENT?
ME!
ER..UH... DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

LOOK, LET'S BE SPORTS... WHO CARES WHO RUNS FOR V.P. WITH POGO LONG AS IT'S THE BEST MAN?
WHO CARES INDEED?

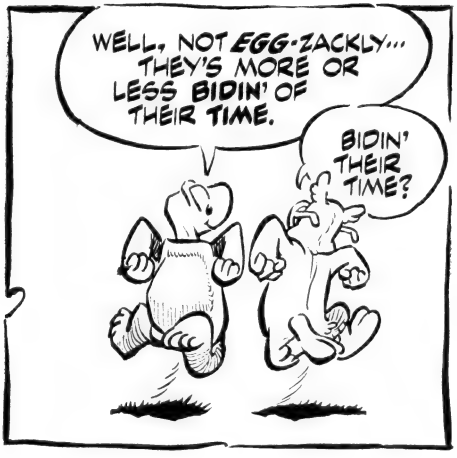
WE'LL START THE CAMPAIGN AND NOT GIVE A HANG...
WE'LL POP THE CHAMPAGNE WITH A SPLINTERING --


BANG

DAGNAB! DON'T YOU KNOW THEM FIRE CRANKERS IS UNLEGAL?
OH, THAT'S JUST GRUNDOON... HE LEARNT A NEW WORD TO CELEBRATE FOURTH OF JULY WITH ... HOLLER IT AGAIN, GRUNDOON... 1..2..3...

HOW 'BOUT ALL THESE EXPERTS? P.T. BRIDGEPORT, TAMMANANNY, THAT POLL-TAKIN' CAT, THEM BOYS FROM NEWSLIFE.. IS THEY AGAINST POGO RUNNIN'?

OHO! JUST THE OPPOSITE!
THEN THEY'S FOR IT?


WELL, NOT EGG-ZACKLY... THEY'S MORE OR LESS BIDIN' OF THEIR TIME.
BIDIN' THEIR TIME?

YEH... NONE OF 'EM IS HEARD OF IT YET.

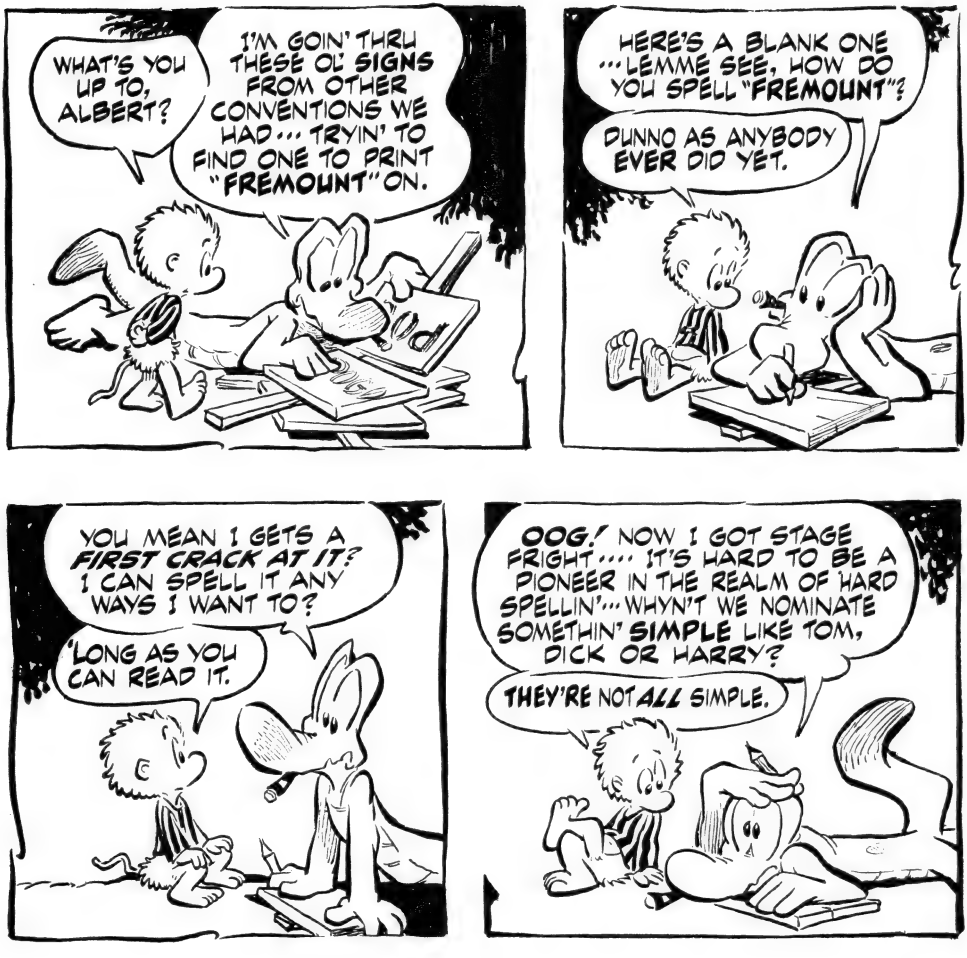
NOW THERE GOES GOOD MATERIAL! THE KIND OF A MAN FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

WHAT? HOW COULD HE TAKE OVER SUCH A OFFICE?

HOW WOULD MR. HERTER FEEL IF HE WAS FOLLOWED BY AN ALLIGATOR?

Y'KNOW, IN A LOT OF WAYS MR. HERTER MUST FEEL HE'S BEEN FOLLOWED BY AN ALLIGATOR FOR MANY A MOON.

SIGNS ON THE DOTTY LINE


WHAT'S YOU UP TO, ALBERT?
I'M GOIN' THRU THESE OL' SIGNS FROM OTHER CONVENTIONS WE HAD... TRYIN' TO FIND ONE TO PRINT "FREMOUNT" ON.
HERE'S A BLANK ONE ...LEMME SEE, HOW DO YOU SPELL "FREMOUNT"?
DUNNO AS ANYBODY EVER DID YET.
YOU MEAN I GETS A FIRST CRACK AT IT? I CAN SPELL IT ANY WAYS I WANT TO?
'LONG AS YOU CAN READ IT.
OOG! NOW I GOT STAGE FRIGHT.... IT'S HARD TO BE A PIONEER IN THE REALM OF HARD SPELLIN'... WHYN'T WE NOMINATE SOMETHIN' SIMPLE LIKE TOM, DICK OR HARRY?
THEY'RE NOT ALL SIMPLE.

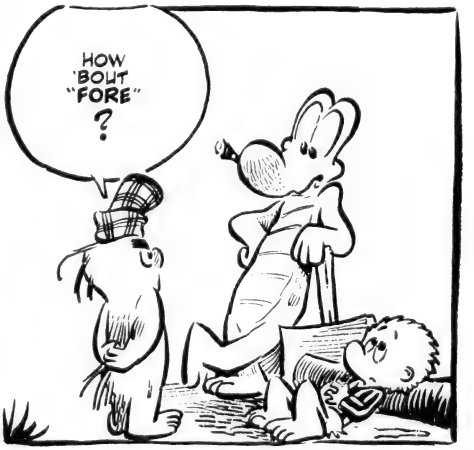
THERE'S NO TIME NOW TO RELETTER ALL THESE SIGNS FROM '52 AND '56... THERE'S JUS' ONE THING TO DO...
I GO POGO
POGO
Z

POGO, IT'S YOUR DUTY TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT.... YOU CAN'T LET ALL THESE SIGNS GO WASTE... CONGRATULATIONS, MISTER CANDIDATE!
I GO POGO

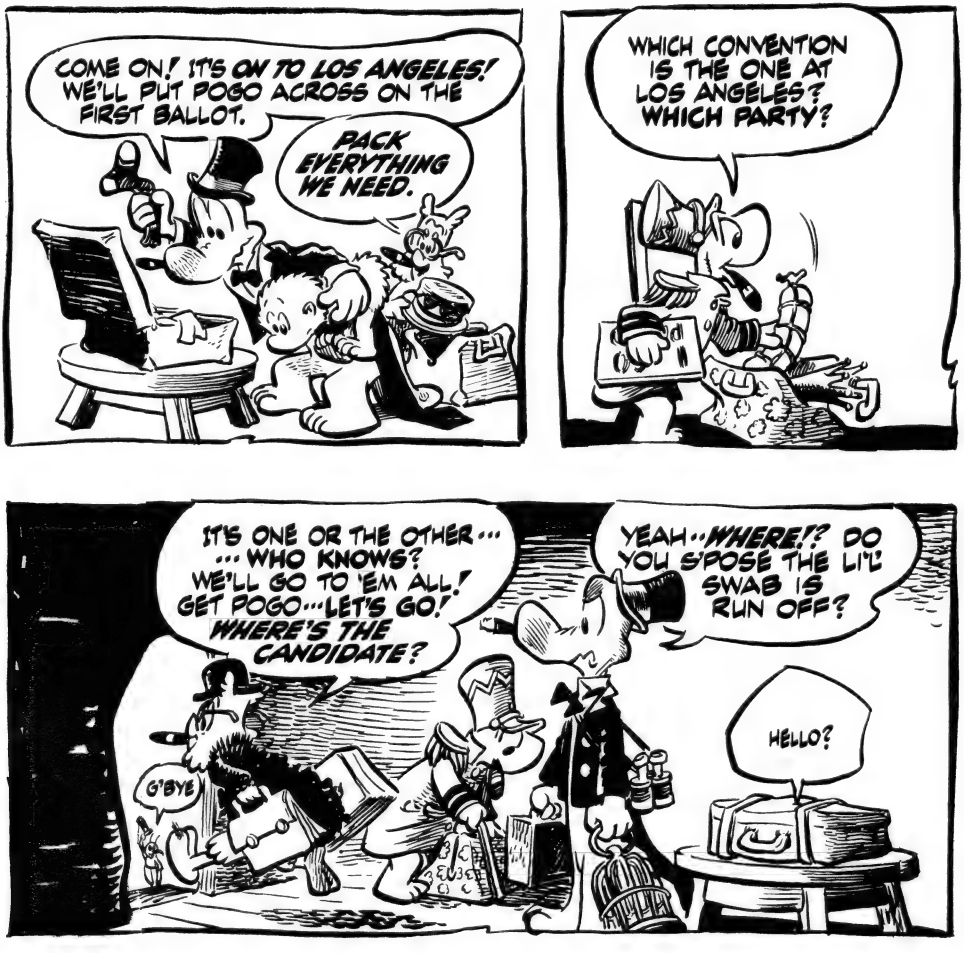
I HEAR THAT THEY'S CALLIN' FREMOUNT A CANNIBAL SO YOU'RE GONNA BE THE CANDIDATE INSTEAD...
HIP! HIP!
I GO POGO
WHY? WE NEVER HAD A CANNIBAL CANDIDATE!

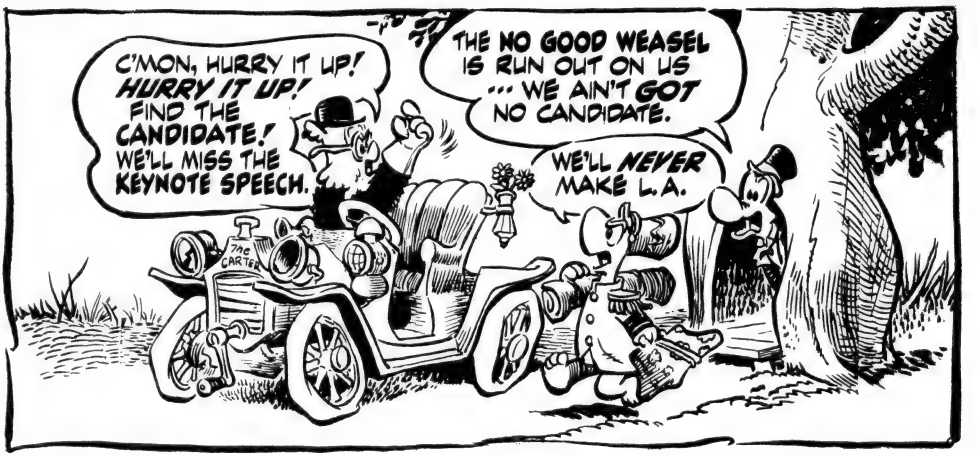
... WE GOT ALL THESE OLD POGO SIGNS LEFT OVER FROM 1952 AND 1956... ALL WE NEED NOW IS A SLOGAN... A CALL TO COLORS!

A RALLYIN' CRY... A REBEL YELL SORTA... SOMETHIN' TO TELL THE RASCALS YOU'RE COMIN' THROUGH! FULLA FIRE!

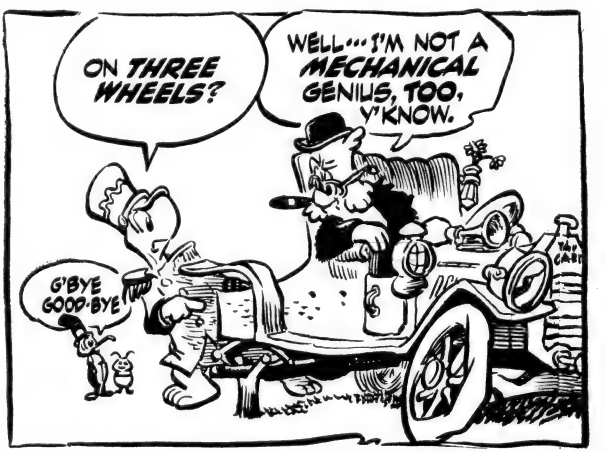

HOW 'BOUT "FORE"?

MUCH ADIEU


COME ON! IT'S ON TO LOS ANGELES! WE'LL PUT POGO ACROSS ON THE FIRST BALLOT.
PACK EVERYTHING WE NEED.
WHICH CONVENTION IS THE ONE AT LOS ANGELES? WHICH PARTY?
IT'S ONE OR THE OTHER... ... WHO KNOWS? WE'LL GO TO 'EM ALL! GET POGO... LET'S GO! WHERE'S THE CANDIDATE?
G'BYE
YEAH.. WHERE!? DO YOU S'POSE THE LI'L SWAB IS RUN OFF?
HELLO?

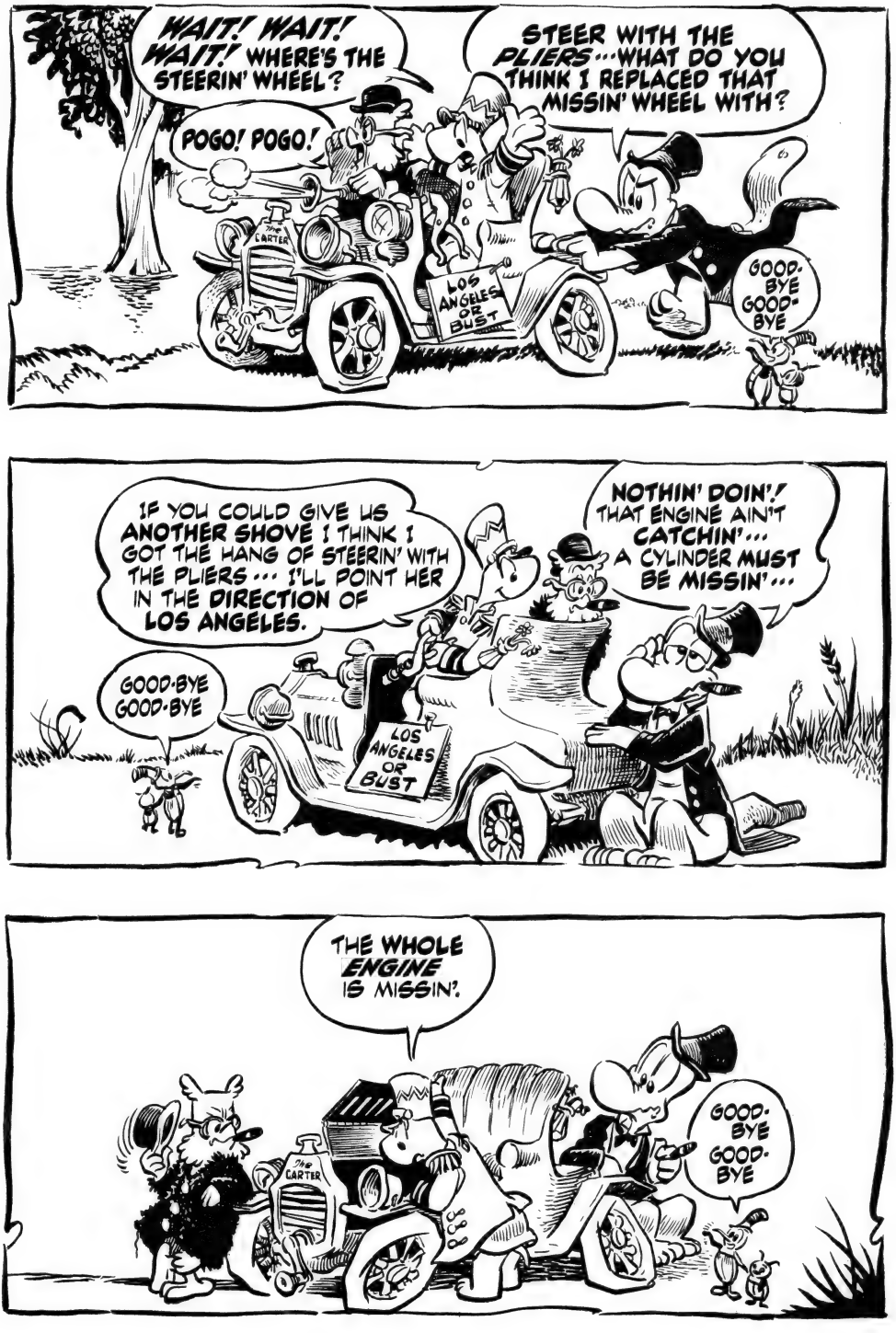

C'MON, HURRY IT UP! HURRY IT UP! FIND THE CANDIDATE! WE'LL MISS THE KEYNOTE SPEECH.
THE NO GOOD WEASEL IS RUN OUT ON US ... WE AIN'T GOT NO CANDIDATE.
WE'LL NEVER MAKE L.A.

WHAT!? WE'LL MAKE IT ON THE FIRST BALLOT WITH OR WITHOUT A CANDIDATE!
WODDYA MEAN, MAKE IT?

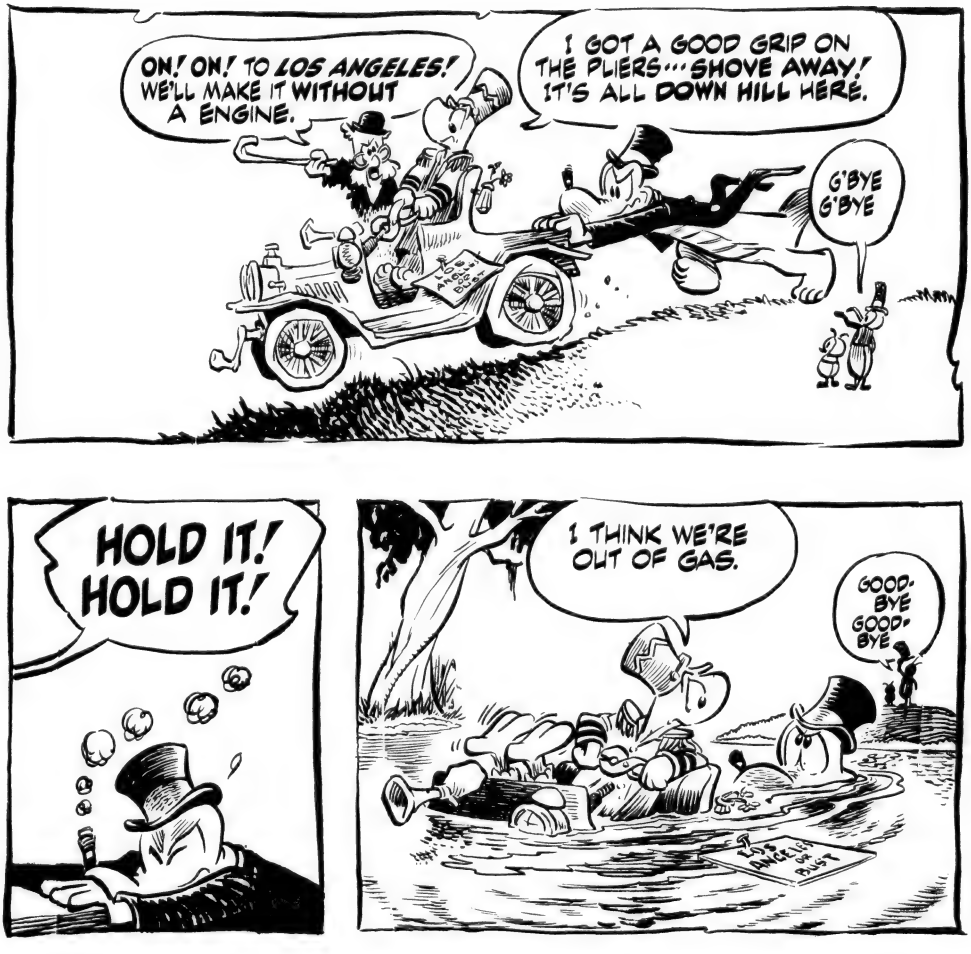

ON THREE WHEELS?
WELL... I'M NOT A MECHANICAL GENIUS, TOO, Y'KNOW.
G'BYE GOOD-BYE

HERE'S A WHEEL TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE MISSIN' ONE! DO I GOTTA DO EVERYTHING?
POGO! COME ON! THE CONVENTION CAN'T WAIT!
LOS ANGELES OR BUST
GOOD-BYE

NOW TO GET BACK AN' GIVE A SHOVE TO START HER.


WAIT! WAIT! WAIT! WHERE'S THE STEERIN' WHEEL?
POGO! POGO!
STEER WITH THE PLIERS...WHAT DO YOU THINK I REPLACED THAT MISSIN' WHEEL WITH?
LOS ANGELES OR BUST
GOOD-BYE GOOD-BYE
IF YOU COULD GIVE US ANOTHER SHOVE I THINK I GOT THE HANG OF STEERIN' WITH THE PLIERS... I'LL POINT HER IN THE DIRECTION OF LOS ANGELES.
NOTHIN' DOIN'! THAT ENGINE AIN'T CATCHIN'... A CYLINDER MUST BE MISSIN'...
GOOD-BYE GOOD-BYE
LOS ANGELES OR BUST
THE WHOLE ENGINE IS MISSIN'.
GOOD-BYE GOOD-BYE

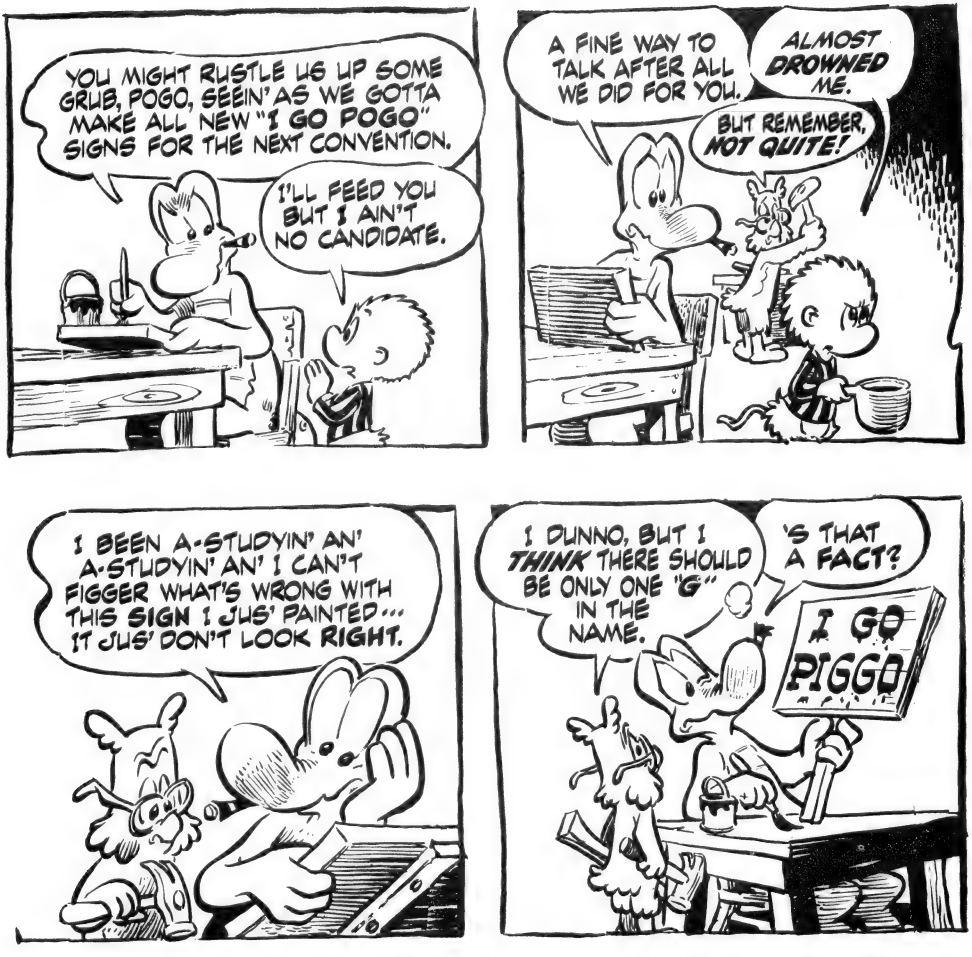
MORE
AND / OR
LESS ADIEU


ON! ON! TO LOS ANGELES! WE'LL MAKE IT WITHOUT A ENGINE.
I GOT A GOOD GRIP ON THE PLIERS... SHOVE AWAY! IT'S ALL DOWN HILL HERE.
G'BYE G'BYE
HOLD IT! HOLD IT!
I THINK WE'RE OUT OF GAS.
GOOD-BYE GOOD-BYE
LOS ANGELES OR BUST

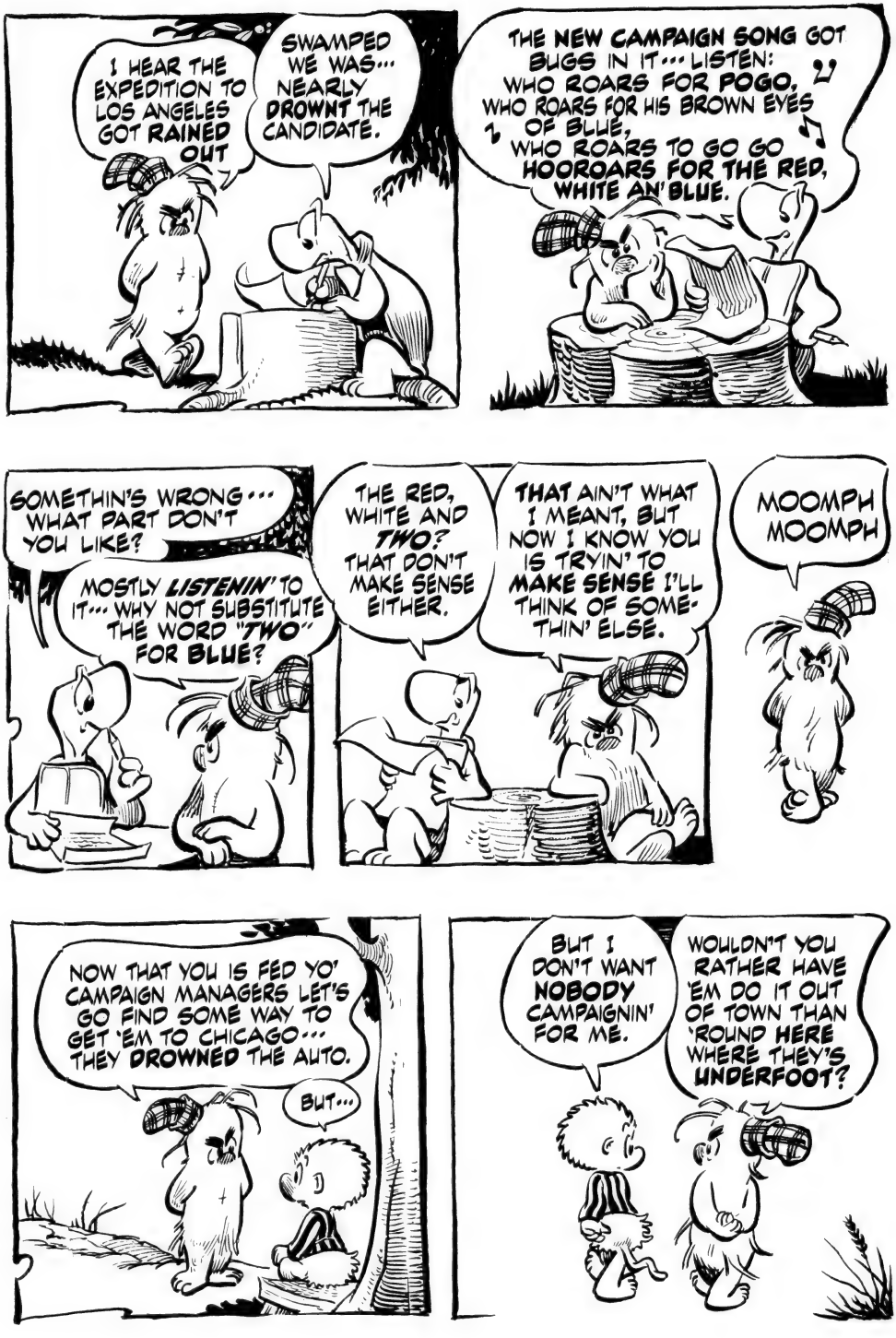
I NEVER SAW SUCH A BUNCH!
HELP! ALBERT PACKED ME IN BY MISTAKE! HELP!
NOW WE HAVE TO START OVER!
HELP HELP
WODDYA S'POSE HAPPENED TO POGO?
DUNNO, BUT HE MISSED A VERY FINE LEAVE-TAKIN'.
WELL! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
G'BYE G'BYE
© 1960 WALT KELLY

FOOMPH
G'BYE G'BYE

CHANGING COURSES IN MIDSTREAM


YOU MIGHT RUSTLE US UP SOME GRUB, POGO, SEEIN' AS WE GOTTA MAKE ALL NEW "I GO POGO" SIGNS FOR THE NEXT CONVENTION.
I'LL FEED YOU BUT I AIN'T NO CANDIDATE.
A FINE WAY TO TALK AFTER ALL WE DID FOR YOU.
ALMOST DROWNED ME.
BUT REMEMBER, NOT QUITE!
I BEEN A-STUDYIN' AN' A-STUDYIN' AN' I CAN'T FIGGER WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS SIGN I JUS' PAINTED... IT JUS' DON'T LOOK RIGHT.
I DUNNO, BUT I THINK THERE SHOULD BE ONLY ONE "G" IN THE NAME.
'S THAT A FACT?
I GO PIGGO

DON'T WORRY, KIDDO, YOU'LL BE A SHOO-IN AT THE NEXT CONVENTION... I'M WRITIN' A CAMPAIGN SONG FOR YOU.
BUT I'M NOT RUNNIN'.
YOU'LL RUN WHEN YOU HEAR THIS.
YOU AIN'T FOOLIN'.
WHO ROARS FOR POGO, WHO ROARS FOR HIS BROWN EYES OF BLUE, WHO ROARS TO GO GO, HOOROARS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE!
WHO EVER HEARD OF RHYMIN' BLUE WITH BLUE?
YEH... THAT ONE PART DON'T MAKE MUCH SENSE, DO IT?
IT WON'T STUMP ME.


I HEAR THE EXPEDITION TO LOS ANGELES GOT RAINED OUT
SWAMPED WE WAS... NEARLY DROWNT THE CANDIDATE.
THE NEW CAMPAIGN SONG GOT BUGS IN IT... LISTEN: WHO ROARS FOR POGO, WHO ROARS FOR HIS BROWN EYES OF BLUE, WHO ROARS TO GO GO HOOROARS FOR THE RED, WHITE AN' BLUE.
SOMETHIN'S WRONG... WHAT PART DON'T YOU LIKE?
MOSTLY LISTENIN' TO IT... WHY NOT SUBSTITUTE THE WORD "TWO" FOR BLUE?
THE RED, WHITE AND TWO? THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE EITHER.
THAT AIN'T WHAT I MEANT, BUT NOW I KNOW YOU IS TRYIN' TO MAKE SENSE! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHIN' ELSE.
MOOMPH MOOMPH
NOW THAT YOU IS FED YO' CAMPAIGN MANAGERS LET'S GO FIND SOME WAY TO GET 'EM TO CHICAGO... THEY DROWNED THE AUTO.
BUT...
BUT I DON'T WANT NOBODY CAMPAIGNIN' FOR ME.
WOULDN'T YOU RATHER HAVE 'EM DO IT OUT OF TOWN THAN 'ROUND HERE WHERE THEY'S UNDERFOOT?

TROUBLE WITH YOU MODERN YOUTHS IS YOU'RE TOO APATHETIC ... LEASTWISE THAT'S WHAT ALL THEM SAYS WHAT GETS DOWNWIND OF THE YOUNG THESE DAYS.

SHUCKS! WE AIN'T APATHETIC ... WE'RE JUS' SETTIN' TIGHT WAITIN' TO SEE WHICH WAY WE'LL HAFTA JUMP.

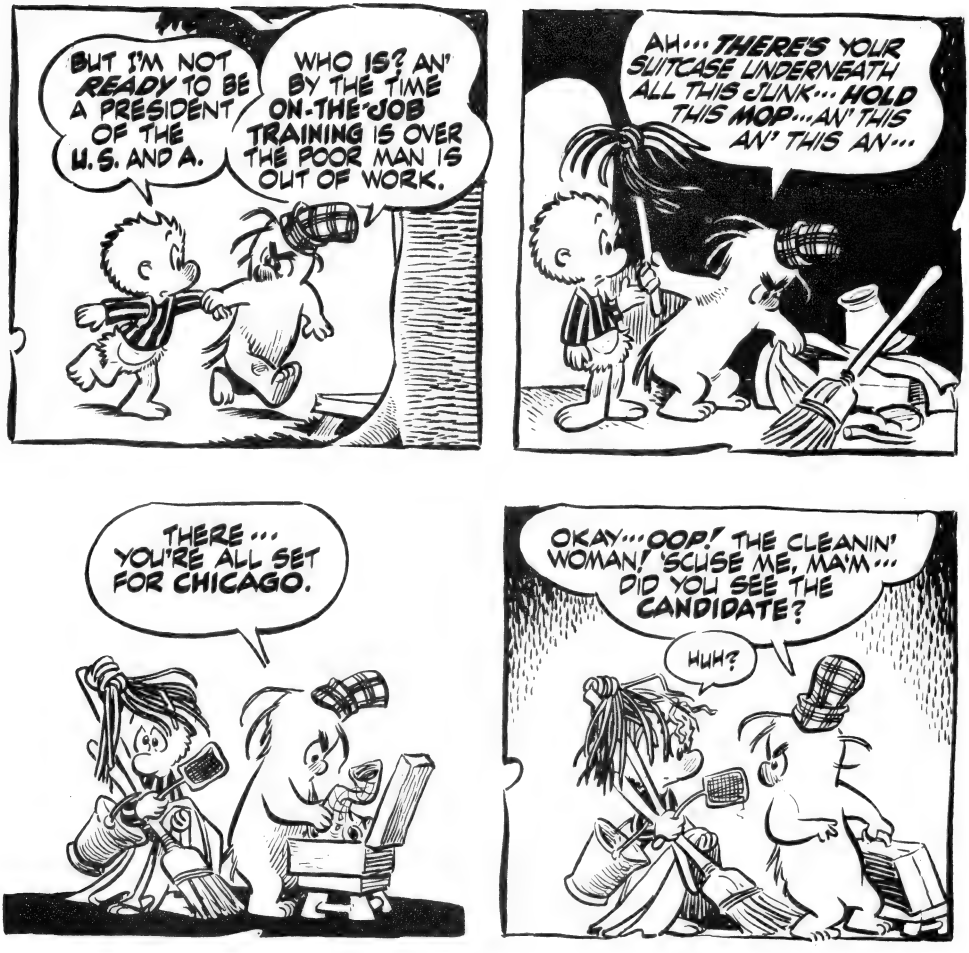
HELLO, FRIENDS, WE'RE STILL TRYIN' TO THINK OF A PRESS RELEASE.
BUT WE MUST INTERVIEW ☆THE CANDIDATE!☆ Where is he? WHERE'S ⇨FLYMOCK?
FREMOUNT AIN'T THE CANDIDATE NO MORE.

OWL AN' THE OTHERS CLAIM FREMOUNT IS A ANT LION WHO EATS ANTS .... SO THEY'RE BACKIN' POGO AGAIN.
BUT I AIN'T.

OH, WELL, NOW WE HAVE A STORY! TAKE A ⇨ PRESS ⇦ Release ☜ TAMMANNANY~~~
EXTRA
BULLETIN
CAPITOL QUIET
SENATORS GO HOME
HOUSE DISBANDS
P.T. BRIDGEPORT NAMES NEW MAN
SAGE LEADER CHOOSES POGO
"A SAFE MAN TO LOSE WITH" SAYS POLITICAL BOSS
BELOVED P.T.

WE COME OVER TO SEE IF YOU STILL HAVE THAT OL' CIRCUS TRAIN, P.T., SO'S THE DELEGATES CAN GO TO CHICAGO.
BUT OF COURSE! PRAY STEP BEHIND this CORPSE
YOU AIN'T GOT MUCH TRACK, P.T.
NO, BUT WE HAVE ONE WHALE OF A LOT of ENGINE
D.I.B. 5+2 G.I.R.R. CO.
GRIZZLY FLATS
PERSON'LY I DON'T THINK IT'LL EVER GET OFF THE GROUND...

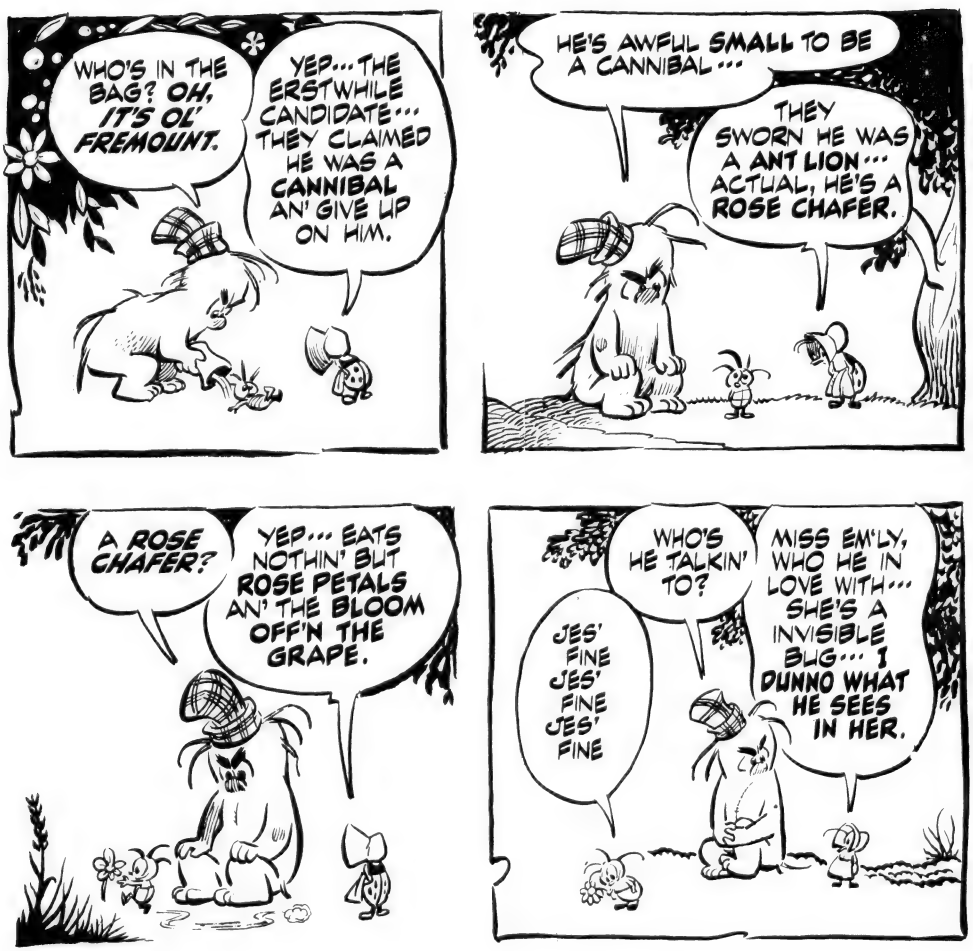
A RENDEZVOUS WITH FATE


BUT I'M NOT READY TO BE A PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. AND A.
WHO IS? AN' BY THE TIME ON-THE-JOB TRAINING IS OVER THE POOR MAN IS OUT OF WORK.
AH... THERE'S YOUR SUITCASE UNDERNEATH ALL THIS JUNK... HOLD THIS MOP... AN' THIS AN' THIS AN...
THERE... YOU'RE ALL SET FOR CHICAGO.
OKAY... OOP! THE CLEANIN' WOMAN! 'SCUSE ME, MA'M... DID YOU SEE THE CANDIDATE?
HUH?

WHERE'S POGO?
HEY.. WHAT DO YOU THINK I...
SORRY, MA'M, I AIN'T GOT TIME TO THINK... THE CANDIDATE'S MISSING.
EGADS! THERE'S ONE NOW, HUMBERT.
ONE WHAT?
RUN! RUN! SHE'LL BEWITCH US!
HAVE YOU SEEN POGO? THE TRAIN'S READY FOR CHICAGO... CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT HIM.
POGO? OF COURSE... HERE, HOLD THIS.
I'LL GET HIM FOR YOU IN AN EYE-FLASH...QUICK-THINKING JOURNALISTIC ACUMEN LEAPT READILY TO THE RESCUE THIS WEEK AS...
HUP HUP

HOLD IT... HOLD IT! A SHOT OF YOU CAPTURIN' A WILD ANIMAL WILL GET ME THE PULITZER.
THOUGHT SO... KEEN-TRAINED BRAIN, RAZOR-HONED, SPOTS FUGITIVE.
GREAT!
CLICK
GOTCHA
POGO! YOU'RE WANTED!
I AIN'T POGO... LEGGO!
DON'T TELL NEWSLIFE WHO YOU ARE, PAL...
HOLD IT... IT'S A GREAT INTERVIEW SHOT.
SHALL I TELL THE HEAD OFFICE YOU'RE SITTIN' ON THE STORY?
I GOT IT TIED UP WITH MY FOULARD.
I STILL THINK YOU'D OF MADE A GOOD DARK-ROOM MAN.
THE CANDIDATE THIS WEEK WAS NOT ONLY DRAFTED BUT DRUGGED UNWILLING BUT ABLE TO A RENDEZVOUS WITH FATE.
WOOF

PURBLIND LOVE


WHO'S IN THE BAG? OH, IT'S OL' FREMOUNT.
YEP... THE ERSTWHILE CANDIDATE... THEY CLAIMED HE WAS A CANNIBAL AN' GIVE UP ON HIM.
HE'S AWFUL SMALL TO BE A CANNIBAL...
THEY SWORN HE WAS A ANT LION... ACTUAL, HE'S A ROSE CHAFER.
A ROSE CHAFER?
YEP... EATS NOTHIN' BUT ROSE PETALS AN' THE BLOOM OFF'N THE GRAPE.
JES' FINE JES' FINE JES' FINE
WHO'S HE TALKIN' TO?
MISS EM'LY, WHO HE IN LOVE WITH... SHE'S A INVISIBLE BUG... I DUNNO WHAT HE SEES IN HER.

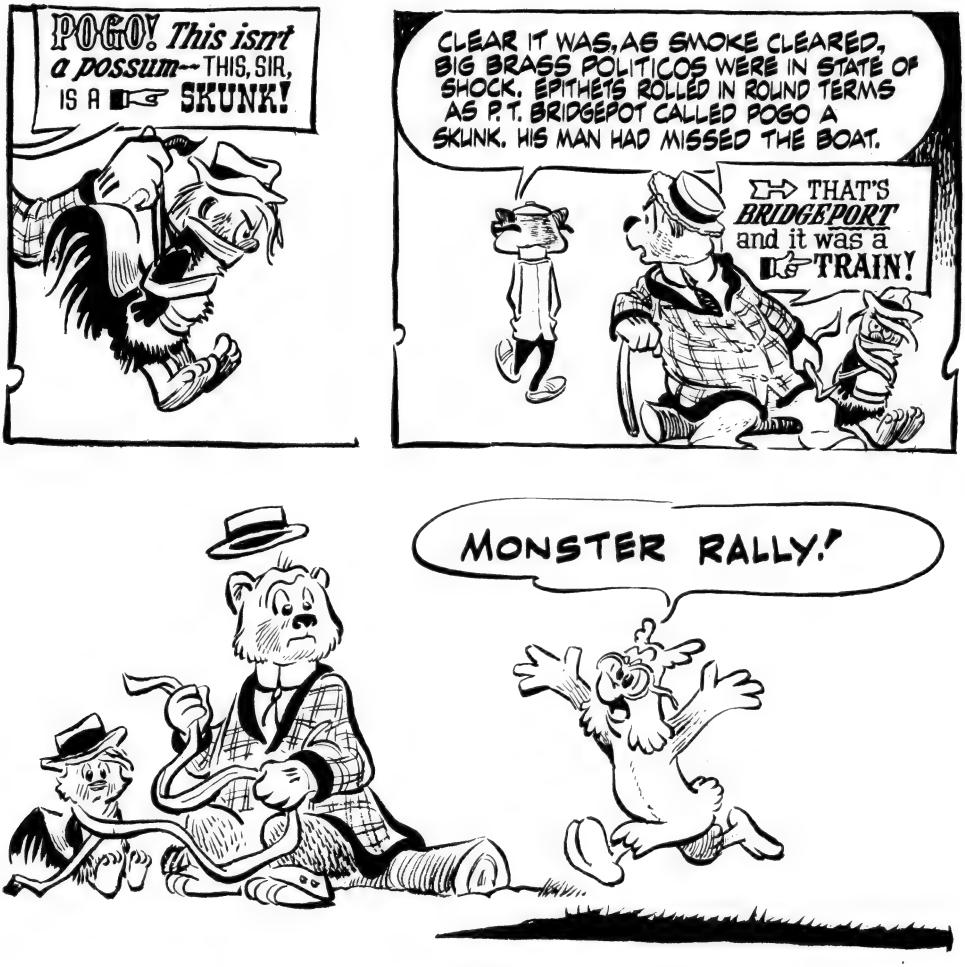
THE JIG AND THE STEAM IS UP

THAT was A mighty PERTY engine, ☆TAMMANNANY☆
HOLD EVERYTHING... AT START OF WEEK, EAGER-EYED REPORTERS RUSHED TO PARTY LEADERS. THEY HAD ONE DEMAND: HOLD THAT FLYER... STOP THAT TRAIN!

DID THE FLYER TAKE OFF?
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, YES...

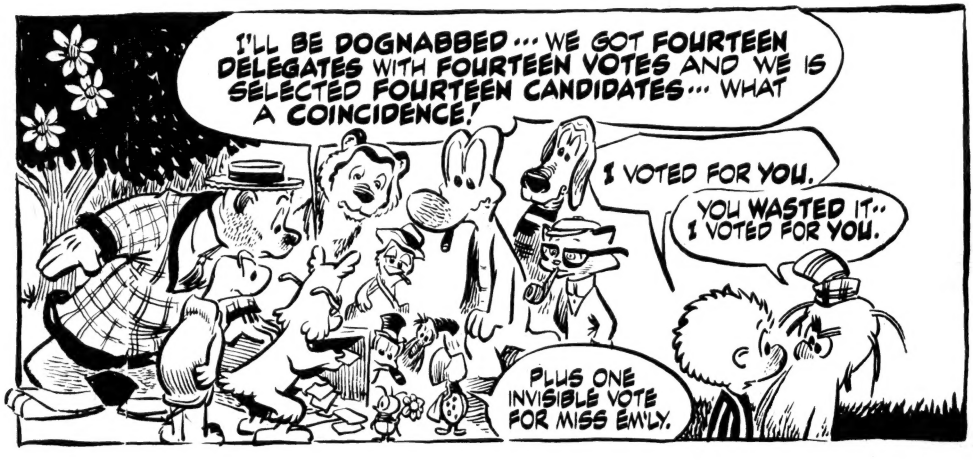
PARTS OF IT ARE STILL IN ORBIT... TOO BAD YOU MISSED IT.
YOU, TOO?
☆U what?
CARE, SIR, would be prudent.

A WASTED DAY... A WASTED DAY.
WHAT'S WASTED ABOUT IT? I USED UP 426 ROLLS OF FILM AND AIN'T EVEN TOOK THE LENS CAP OFF YET.
WHAT, pray tell, IS THIS?
BETTING IS TWO TO ONE AS MIDWEEK NEARS, THAT TOP WISEACRES ARE CALLING IT POGO.


POGO! This isn't a possum--THIS, SIR, IS A SKUNK!
CLEAR IT WAS, AS SMOKE CLEARED, BIG BRASS POLITICOS WERE IN STATE OF SHOCK. EPITHETS ROLLED IN ROUND TERMS AS P. T. BRIDGEPOT CALLED POGO A SKUNK. HIS MAN HAD MISSED THE BOAT.
THAT'S BRIDGEPORT and it was a TRAIN!
MONSTER RALLY!
NOW'S OUR TIME... THEM OTHER PARTIES HAVE BLOWN THEIR CHANCE... WE CAN NOMINATE POGO... OR (HEH HEH) SOMEONE OF OUR OWN CHOICE.
A FREE CONVENTION.
WE OWLS AN' DOGS CAN DO IT NOW... WE WAS GONNA HAVE A RALLY ANYWAYS.
Y'SAY FREMOUNT IS IN LOVE WITH A INVISIBLE BUG?
THEY SEES EYE TO EYE.
MONSTER RALLY

EVERYBODY CAN BE A KEYNOTER... EVERYBODY CAN BE CHAIRMAN... EVERYBODY CAN VOTE.
HOW COME YOU TOLE ME TO HOLD ALL THEM MOPS AN' ALL?
I FIGGERED IN CASE ANYBODY OFFERED YOU THE PRESIDENCY, YOU COULD SAY YOU HAD YOUR HANDS FULL.
RALLY
THAT SUITS US BUGS EH, WASP?
GEORGIA
ALASKA
ESKIMO?

STEP FORWARD AN' CAST YO' BALLOTS FOR THE NOMINEE.
HERE COME FREMOUNT ESCORTIN' HIS INVISIBLE BUG FRIEND, MISS EM'LY.


I'LL BE DOGNABBED... WE GOT FOURTEEN DELEGATES WITH FOURTEEN VOTES AND WE IS SELECTED FOURTEEN CANDIDATES... WHAT A COINCIDENCE!
I VOTED FOR YOU.
YOU WASTED IT.. I VOTED FOR YOU.
PLUS ONE INVISIBLE VOTE FOR MISS EM'LY.

THE PARTY OF THE LAST PART

WHAT DIFFERMINTS IF WE GOT FOURTEEN (NOT COUNTIN' ONE INVISIBLE) NOMINEES? WE OUTNUMBERS BOTH OTHER CANDIDATES...
WE ARE A SHOE IN
IF ALL OF US IS PRESIDENT, WITH OUR BRAINS, THE COUNTRY IS SAFE.
YEH, WHO WOULD WANT IT?
I DUNNO, IT SEEMS TO ME WE'D BE KINDA MIXED UP... SOMEBODY OUGHT TO BE AT THE HELM.
RIGHT! WE NEED DIRECTION!
WITH THIS CROWD IN CHARGE, THE DIRECTION I'D TAKE WOULD BE TOWARD MEXICO.

QUITE A PARTY, THAT CELEBRATION OF EVERYBODY'S NOMINATION.
YOU STILL INSIST THIS IS POGO?
AT PRESS TIME DOUBT ENTERS MIND AS TO NEWSLIFE RESEARCH?
YUP
RIGHT

DOUBT, DEBT and DOOM LOOM
BAZZ FAZZ
WELL, IF YOU DON'T WANT EXPERT OPINION IT'S GOOD-BYE.
AN' NONE TOO SOON

ONE THING FILLS ME WITH CONFIDENCE FOR THE COUNTRY'S FUTURE.
WHAT?

NONE OF US WILL GET ELECTED.
IT IS COMFORTIN'.

POGO EXTRA

ESTABLISHED 1960 — POCO A POCO

The biased editorial reprinted below was written by a laughable member of the Opposition. It first appeared in the KANSAS CITY STAR and is offered here without comment.

REVIEWER GETS TOUGH

A RECENT ARTICLE in an influential magazine spoke harshly of America's reviewers for not being harsh enough toward books. No more reviews featuring such words as exciting, taut, fast-paced, must reading, ideal for Christmas giving. More bum reviews are what literature cries aloud for.

Ever since this article appeared we have been waiting for an opportunity to review a book so that we could prove that the message had been received.

It is with a moue of distaste, then, that we approach "Ten Ever-Lovin' Blue-Eyed Years With Pogo" by Walt Kelly. The fact that this book is exciting, taut, fast-paced, must reading, and ideal for Christmas giving will not dissuade us from pointing out its inadequacies.

Anybody, after all, can write a bum review about a bum book. The reviewer who can knock a book he likes is the man who is carrying the banner for literary progress, and across some pretty thin ice, at that.

IN THE FIRST PLACE this book contains no maps. Although the author (or putative author, there being some difference of opinion as to whether Walt Kelly created Pogo or the other way around) mentions such places as the Okefenokee swamp, Bridgeport, Providence, Kansas City and Fort Mudge, the reader is given no hint as to their geographical relationships.

The lack of an index is equally disheartening. For easy reference, there should be such listings as "Alligator, Albert—swallows frog child, p. 11; dons impenatrabobble disguise as a ol' Sizzle Grinder, p. 19; heads Pogo delegation to 1952 convention, p. 52; pretends to be silent scream star, Lulu Arfin Nanny, p. 234."

Without such assistance the reader (to say nothing of the reviewer) must go through the entire 288 pages.

No maps, no index, and no bibliography. The text of some of the Christmas carols seems to be corrupt, and unless we have access to the original manuscripts, how can we be sure which is correct? In one place the lively classic "Deck Us All With Boston Charlie" emerges as "Bark Us All Bow-Wows of Folly." Surely, more careful scholarship should be demanded of a man who is foisting a $4.95 book (Simon and Schuster, New York) upon the public.

At several points, Kelly would have us believe a duck is employed as a mail man in a well-known Southern swamp. Where did he obtain this information? Where, in other words, is the source for this duck? What good is a duck without source?

A GOOD WAY to judge literature is to ask one's self, "Has the author accomplished what he has set out to do?" Well, what has Kelly set out to do? This reviewer gets the definite impression that he hasn't the slightest idea. He says his purpose is to have fun and make money.

Whether he has succeeded is between Kelly, the Internal Revenue service and the gang at Tim Costello's little store on Third avenue. No conclusion can be reached from the book itself.

One feels that Kelly often doesn't know what his characters are up to, or surely he would put a stop to it. Like all the times when they are being funny. Everybody knows that comic strips aren't funny the way they used to be when Maggie threw rolling pins at Jiggs. This is a basic article of the American credo.

THEN, TOO, he comes dangerously close to laughing at the stupidity of bigots, bullies and blatherskites. This is bad. Stupidity has to be taken seriously in this world. It would never do for civilization to lose confidence in its principal product. After all, the ninnyhammers of this planet have done more to put it where it is today than the humorists. Let's don't forget that.

Not that Kelly can completely escape responsibility for world conditions. In the 10 years here reviewed, Pogo has been the favorite comic strip of the nation's youth, especially its college-type youth. And everybody who isn't one of them knows that they're the ones who are causing whatever it is we don't like, from foot-dragging in space to the elm tree blight.

However, with all its shortcomings, it is probable that "Ten Ever-Lovin' Blue-Eyed Years With Pogo" is the most authoritative work we have had in this field so far. It contains, besides nostalgia-stirring old strips, much material which will be unfamiliar to the reader who only knows Pogo from the newspaper and some prose by Kelly which is good enough to constitute a clear-cut violation of union rules.

The poetry is not as fraught with significance as it used to be before the Beat poets came along and started writing stuff that is even fraughter.

Still, as we say, this will remain the authoritative work until someone comes along who knows more about Pogo than Kelly.

And vice versa. *By BILL VAUGHAN*

WALT KELLY

POGO ELECTION EXTRA

SIMON AND SCHUSTER